The Nation.

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The Week.

It is positively unfeeling in President Taft to glory over the way in which the hot weather is using up Senators. You can hear something very like a chuckle in his reference to the fact that "the heat is a necessary element in working out our Constitutional government." After his own Philippine experience of tropic temperatures, he seems to think that he will be fresh after all the Senators have withered. As if to make a mock of their sufferings in the Senate chamber, superheated as it is by nature and oratory, the President goes out to play golf, on the theory which all enthusiastic golfers hold, that the higher the thermometer the lower will be his score. It may be, however, that Mr. Taft is not reckoning accurately upon the capacity of Senators to endure heat without light. Tariff bills have been debated before this throughout the sweltering days of a Washington summer. The date of enactment of the McKinley bill, October 1, 1890, as of the Wilson bill, August 13, 1894, is rather ominous. Of course, those measures were passed in the long session of Congress, and it might seem that a better argument, as well as a brighter augury, could be drawn from the Dingley bill. It, too, was the work of an extra session, called soon after McKinley's inauguration in 1897; but the tariff of that year was not passed and signed till July 24. President Taft will be lucky if he gets a bill to sign—or veto—by that day.

Mr. Bryan has often abjured the Presidency more explicitly than he did Monday, when he promised to begin political war upon the liquor interests; but never with such demonstrable evidence of good faith. He knows that the Democrats would sooner stand for excluding foreigners than pick a candidate in any wise committed to the prohibition of beer and whiskey. To his support in 1912, Messrs. Conners and Murphy could not muster a corporal's guard, even if they would. We take it as plain, therefore, that Mr. Bryan, if his words are not misreported, has reluctantly decided to seek his political fortune in a narrower field; and where that field is, one may easily guess. Nebraska likes the Great Commoner, the initiative and the referendum, and also prohibition. Nebraska will soon be casting about for a Senator. Given this situation and Mr. Bryan's voice, the outcome may be foretold even by so wretched a prophet as Mr. Bryan himself.

Saturday's primary election in Philadelphia brought out the largest vote ever cast in a primary in that city. The machine candidate for District Attorney, Samuel P. Rotan, won his renomination by the narrow margin of 5,004 over D. C. Gibboney, the reform candidate. Gibboney ran on three tickets, and won the nomination of the Democratic and William Penn parties. His total popular vote exceeded Rotan's by 25,100, a circumstance that can hardly be described as other than a severe jolt to the machine. Indeed, there are signs that it nominated Rotan only by desperate stratagems and the usual vote-stuffing in certain districts; and the William Penn party announces that it will contest the election and open the ballot-boxes. This popular uprising against the machine does not mean that Philadelphia is at last turning against its corrupt rulers as such, but, in the main, indicates the disgust of the public "with the stock-jobbing politicians who ran the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for narrow personal ends, regardless of passengers, trolleymen, and the city, or even the sound business interests of the company itself"—as the Philadelphia *Press* describes it. And there can be no doubt that the Republican machine saved itself only by its surrender to the strikers on Thursday of last week. Had the election come then, or even on Friday, the machine would have gone down to defeat. The public regarded the demands of the strikers as just; they opposed the police, not as police, but as unwilling tools of the bosses, and they quickly saw the politics behind the obstinate and weak policy of the company.

The removal of the sheriff of Mobile County by the Alabama Supreme Court is a great triumph of justice, all the more welcome because it is one of a number of signs that the South is at last waking up to the real meaning of the lynching evil. "If the law is right, mob law is wrong, and must be stopped if there is to be maintained the institution of government in a free country"—so Justice Simpson is reported to have said in pronouncing the court's decision. The Mobile sheriff was shown to have been well warned the day before of the coming lynching; yet he made no preparations to resist a mob, and went to his home early. With the Supreme Court about to punish the delinquent Chattanooga sheriff and with a Texas county proceeding against its sheriff, obviously the time has come for that class of officers to take notice. Jailors, too, like the one who made ineffective resistance to a mob that lynched a negro in Frankfort, Kentucky, last week, should also take note and should be supplied with the admirable story of Sheriff Van Pelt of Pensacola, in the current *Sunday-School Times*. That officer went so far as to try to save a negro criminal last July by firing on his neighbors. He killed two and wounded three personal friends before being overpowered. Yet the public recognized that he was correct in his action by reëlecting him sheriff in November by 1,200 votes.

The proposed national committee on the advancement of the negro, advocated by the Conference which has just met in this city, suggests interesting possibilities. There can be no doubt that a great deal more light is needed on this problem than has hitherto been obtained. In New York, the Bureau of Municipal Research has much more than justified itself; but if the facts are needed in a city, how much more must they be of use with regard to a race? There is the lynching evil; the facts in every case ought to be given to the public—not the sensational charges of irresponsible country newspaper correspondents, nor the first hysterical outbursts of victims, real or feigned. The country ought to know the exact truth as to negro criminality; there are plenty of Southerners, like the Rev. Quincy Ewing, who maintain that it has a wrong impression. Still another suggested field for the national board is that of furnishing legal aid to colored people and of bring-

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ing to justice those who commit crimes against them.

Last week the Wisconsin Legislature finally granted autonomy to Milwaukee. The provisions for the initiative under the new law give malcontents every chance to oust the "ins." Should 5 per cent. of all voters sign a petition calling for a vote on some issue, the Common Council may order a referendum; if 15 per cent. sign, the Council must. There is no denying that this might mean demagoguery. Thus, a majority ring of Aldermen and about 4,000 henchmen could put off until the next regular city election—the prescribed date of the referendum—any legislation which ought to be decided upon at once. The henchmen would send in their 5 per cent. petition, the Aldermen would bow to "popular will," and a foolish or corrupt practice would take a new lease of life. Nevertheless, those who have scented radicalism here do not attempt to show that this risk exceeds the usual one, under old-fashioned, boss-made charters. The system at least puts the honest citizen on equal terms with the professional politician. Whatever the latter can do, the former can; and so endurance of bad government becomes a greater offence than ever.

Possibly the liquor war has entered upon a new phase by the act of the United States Brewers' Association binding its members to sell no beer to dealers whom any brewer has placed under a ban. But we shall sound no dirge for the Anti-Saloon League until more is known about the ban, and the placing of it. Doubtless, a systematic and general weeding out of undesirable patrons is one of the moves needed to rehabilitate malt liquors, and all who traffic in them. Certainly, the gravest evils of alcohol, direct and indirect, are those of cheap spirituous beverages, "red eye," "black Joe," and less euphonious variants of fusel oil. Those brewers see clearly who have advocated separate licenses for the two classes of beverages, and also the issuing of but one sort of license to each saloon. Even with this arrangement, however, the beer saloon will not vindicate itself so long as the blacklisting of disreputable bars is left to individual brewers, as the Association seemingly leaves it. Free competition will operate in the future as in the past; each brewer, fighting hard for profits, will turn a lenient eye upon his own bartenders and customers. But once let a national or a State committee sit as moral judge, with power to restrict the sales of all Association members, and the "model saloon" would become a reality, if it ever can at all.

In its timely exploitation of Count Zeppelin's latest achievement, our War Department again displays the press agent's knack of turning current events to profit. But its fleet of dirigibles from Maine to Florida soars a little too high, overshooting wisdom. Doubtless, the Department is asking a reluctant Congress for twice as much as it dreams of getting; but such shrewdness is misplaced in the present case, inasmuch as Congress is wholly destitute of enthusiasm on the subject of aerial navigation, and is nosing so deeply in the tariff trough, moreover, that it cannot even turn one eye heavenward. And it would, in any case, frown upon this huge, costly scheme of coast defence. Astounding though the progress of aeronautics has been, the science is still in its infancy. The art of landing has yet to be learned. Air currents have not been charted. The most efficient size, shape, and degree of rigidity are unsettled points. To build a squadron of dirigibles before our experts have worked out and thoroughly tested a pattern that improves upon the best of to-day, would benefit neither the aeronaut nor the country.

The address of Judge Mulqueen of this city to William Darragh should be posted above the speedometer of every automobile. No chauffeur is quite safe without it. The law under which Darragh is sentenced is neither new nor obscure. A chauffeur's intent, like every other man's, can be known only through his voluntary acts; and, thus inferred, Darragh's wild drive up Morningside Avenue was manslaughter, to say the least. The seven years this reckless young man must spend in prison will, we think, impress other speed-maniacs even less than the court's warning that a rich or dissolute man, convicted under like circumstances, will probably be held guilty of murder. The prospect is by no means fanciful. Indeed, public and courts alike have almost reached the point of regarding the "joy ride" as *prima-facie* evidence that the riders are dissolute enemies of society. They do not aim at any wayfarer in particular, but no more does the cowboy who "shoots up" a town.

Mohammed never could have had so much trouble with his apostates and false prophets as does Mrs. Eddy. Simple and monotonous would be Mohammed's answer to a Mahdi who called the reporters to his suite in the hotel and announced that the founder of Islam was either dead or in his dotage. A swish of the scimitar would close the debate. But Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, the new prophetess of Christian Science in this city, cannot be dispatched so neatly. She avers that Mrs. Eddy is dead, or mindless. How can Mrs. Eddy prove herself neither? If her mind is gone, she exists no more, for "mind only is real." Let her swear, in the tongue of angels, that she has a mind; let her don a violet silk gown, drive past a committee of reporters, and wave a glove at them; she may persuade infidels who believe in matter and the senses, but how can all this win back readers of the *Sentinel?* If they think her off the earth, off she goes, unless her party can think her on it more strongly.

We should regret it very much if the report should be confirmed that Canada is to build a navy of her own. Even if it is only a coast-guard fleet, it is sure to be taken up by some of our navy-maniacs as reason for heavier American armaments, and there would begin at once that friction and suspicion which are such inevitable accompaniments of the appearance of new war-vessels. The latest example of this is Italy; recent dispatches reported a "perfect naval panic" in government circles and a determination to build ships at any cost to maintain control of the Adriatic. Why? Because Austria has suddenly gone in for Dreadnoughts. For years the two nations have been peaceful enough neighbors, so far as naval questions are concerned. But the instant Austria builds Dreadnoughts—purely for defence, of course, and without thought of aggression—Italy must hasten to impoverish herself by outdoing the Hapsburg building programme. Our relations with Canada, the absence of forts and warships on our northern frontier, have been an object lesson in peace and common-sense for the whole world.

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Anything which changed those relations and caused doubt and distrust would be a world-misfortune.

Lord Rosebery, addressing the Imperial Press Congress in London last Saturday, spoke with solemn emphasis of his fear of war. Real causes for hostilities were absent, but preparation for hostilities was being pushed with fevered and frantic haste. To the perspicuous mind, this absorption in getting ready for war makes the outlook most ominous. Not for Lord Rosebery is the cheap fallacy that the wild rush into great armaments is along the path of peace. All the talk may be for peace, but if all the action is for war, the chances are tremendously in favor of war. The "just man armed" may all too easily become the self-confident bully aching to try his weapons. And when the murderous work begins, the aggressor will look to the big navy, as Macbeth to his dagger:

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

All this was perfectly clear to Lord Rosebery. He declared plainly that fierce competition in guns and ships leads directly to war. Where it would end, short of a general lapse into barbarism, he could not say. One faint hope he saw if the workingmen of the world should find themselves so staggering under the burdens of militarism that they would say: "We will have no more of this madness and this foolery, which is grinding us to powder." Yet Lord Rosebery, with the customary and seemingly frenzied inconsistency of most public men who discuss this question, was ready to add that England would never draw back; she would "build Dreadnoughts as long as we have a shilling to spend or a man to put into them"; and if that were not enough, as he was afraid it might not be, she would call upon her colonies to save her. Not a word about any possible alternative. If the workingmen do not prevent outbreak of war, European statesmen can do nothing. Such is Lord Rosebery's counsel of despair!

"While he has preserved his quality as a thoroughly patriotic German, he has also been, under all circumstances, one of the truest friends that the United States has ever had in Europe; indeed, I should say the foremost friend since Bright, Goldwin Smith, De Gasparin, Laboulaye, and their compeers stood by the Union during our Civil War"—thus wrote Andrew D. White two years ago of Dr. Theodor Barth, whose unexpected death was announced last Thursday. No one was in a better position to value his services to this country than Mr. White, our Ambassador to the court of Berlin during the trying years of the Spanish-American war and of the Philippine insurrection. Throughout that period Dr. Barth was one of two German editors who stood up for the United States. Not that he believed in either the war with Spain or the conquest of the Philippines; he was too sincere a democrat, too loyal to our best American traditions, to approve those undertakings. But, as Mr. White has phrased it, Dr. Barth "could look beneath the surface of American affairs and understand the mass of good existing beneath the scum of evil." And because he was a believer in true democracy, he never for a moment lost faith in republican institutions or ceased to advocate the doctrines of Liberalism in his own land. He was indeed, not of Germany alone, but of the world. Those who have drunk such deep draughts of democracy as he, are no longer to be restrained in their sympathies or their influence by national boundaries. It is impossible to think of John Bright, of Richard Cobden, or of Gladstone as Englishmen alone, any more than we can claim Lincoln as exclusively our own. Such tribunes of the common people are common property wherever the word liberty is heard.

The annual meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser is an event of the near future. The usual professions concerning the historic friendship between the house of Hohenzollern and the house of Romanoff will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, the Russian military authorities are showing their concern over the reorganization of the Empire's defensive plans against Germany. Ever since the disposal of the Balkan question by the Kaiser's alleged threat of an invasion of Poland, Russia has become acutely conscious of the weakness of her western frontier. Gen. Kuropatkin, in his memoirs of the Russo-Japanese war, has laid particular stress upon Russia's need of concentrating her attention on that frontier. He has pointed out that with Russian Poland jutting out like a wedge between German Posen and Austrian Galicia, Poland might be a source of strength or weakness, according as the Russian army was powerful enough to use it as a starting-point of invasion or was compelled to hold it against a double attack from the north and south. To Kuropatkin's eye, the difficulties of the situation outweighed its advantages. When it came to mobilization, Germany, with seventeen lines of railway and twenty tracks running to the Russian frontier, could throw a million men into Poland in a short time. Against Germany's seventeen lines of railway, Russia has only five. Austria has eight lines, with ten tracks, against Russia's four. In case of war, therefore, the Czar's troops would be almost inevitably on the defensive.

For the third time, Alfred Deakin has become Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia. The Labor Ministry under Andrew Fisher has been defeated by a coalition of the Deakin Protectionists and the Liberals, in accordance with the swing of Australian politics during the last six years. Protectionists, Liberals, and Laborites are all too weak to rule by themselves, and in consequence Australia has been in a state sometimes described as a "triangular anarchy." But though Australian Cabinets have lacked stability, anarchy is an unfair term. Far from being hopelessly at variance, the three parties are sometimes desperately exercised to discover sufficient issues to fight over. Protectionism of some kind or other is accepted by all parties; there is no wide difference of opinion on the question of a White Australia; and there is virtual unanimity on the duty of the Commonwealth to contribute to the defence of the Empire. In what form such aid should be rendered, opinions differ. The Fisher Cabinet advocated the assumption by Australia of the defence of her own coasts, but this policy, approved by the best element, would seem to have been swamped in the recent outbreak of Dreadnought mania. On this issue, and on the question of a progressive federal land tax, the Fisher Ministry would seem to have been defeated. "Every man and every institution interested in land valued at more than £5,000," says one dispatch, "is intent on putting the Fisher Ministry out before the next general elections."

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METHOD IN SENATORIAL MADNESS

It would be a very simple-minded Muse that would respond if called upon to sing the wrath of a tariff-making Senate. There appear to have been, it is true, some sublime exhibitions of celestial rage. Senatorial courtesy has taken on the odd form of "You're a liar!" and the exquisitely polite and witty retort has often been heard: "Yah! You're one yourself." There have been terrible "encounters" with the safe weapon of the tongue, and fearful "collisions" at the convenient distance of the width of the Senate chamber; but the attentive observer cannot help feeling that there is something very theatric about all this. He sees that Aldrich and his obedient followers, at all events, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind of their passion, are able to make it "smooth" in a sense of that word unknown to Shakespeare.

What we mean is that behind the scene of all this petulance and flurry, Senator Aldrich, Senator Hale, and their aides and confederates are quietly perfecting in secret the bargains by which they hope to make the last tariff state of the American people worse than the first. Significant evidence of this came out the other day. Senator Brown of Nebraska asked when the Finance Committee was going to report its proposed duty on wood pulp and printing paper. Aldrich replied that the amendment was not quite ready. He could assure the Senate, however, that this schedule would be reported soon, and would contain duties somewhat higher than those of the Payne bill, but lower than those of the existing law. Now, why has this schedule been held back all these weeks? Why are the duties on coal and coke—products which the House voted to put on the free list—still held "subject to modification by the Senate"? Obviously, in order that the tariff-traders and log-rollers may have material with which to do their nefarious work. They have kept some of their cards under the table, to be produced when it is necessary in order to win the game. While the oratory and the anger have been displayed in the public sessions of the Senate, the real work of distributing tariff favors and ratifying tariff bargains has been done behind closed doors, in committee rooms, or hotels or clubs. That is the method in all this Senatorial madness.

Nowhere is there any pretence that the Senatorial cabal gives a moment's thought to either the interests or the desires of the whole people. The tariff is the private business of Senators. They will attend to that. They talk vaguely, it is true, about consulting the wishes of their constituents, but they mean only that handful of manufacturers or chiefs of corporations who are rich enough to spend weeks in Washington lobbying, who have financed party campaigns and Senatorial elections in the past, and stand ready to do it again if they are allowed to write the clauses of the tariff which mean money in their pockets. A good typical case is that of the New Jersey Senators. They are ever to be found among Aldrich's fine brute majority, voting for all the high and higher duties. Yet Messrs. Kean and Briggs know perfectly well that New Jersey is a low-tariff State. It gave its electoral vote to Cleveland three times, largely on that issue. The sentiment even of the Republicans of New Jersey is unquestionably in favor of President Taft's recommendation of a revision downwards. Yet the two Senators continue to misrepresent their party and affront their State by always counting with Aldrich's high-tariff cattle.

They furnish only one illustration of the way in which a powerful "hog combine" in the Senate has been scheming and plotting, and buying and selling votes, in order to defeat the House, thwart the President, and cheat the country. As the success of these Senators becomes more evident, their effrontery increases. The mask which they discreetly wore for a time, they are now throwing away. At first, they gave out that they were entirely with Mr. Taft. Then when they were found destroying the free list and going for outrageously high duties, they explained that they knew this was not what the President wanted, but that they would see that the conference between the two houses made a tariff to suit him. But now they are saying that, so far as they know, Mr. Taft is well pleased with their out-Dingleyed bill, and that there is no reason why he should not sign it. Evidently, somebody is deceiving or deceived. As the hero asks in Beaumarchais's play: "Qui trompe-t-on ici?" There are signs in the Washington dispatches that the President is awakening to the double game which certain Senators have been playing with him. Their protestation that, though they were working tooth and nail to make a very bad bill, they really intended to make it a very good one before they finished, was all along suspicious, and now plainly appears as a mere trick. To meet it, Mr. Taft's friends in Washington are saying that he will soon make his position known publicly—by speech or letter. The time is rapidly coming when he must do so if he would not see the extra session worse than wasted, his hopes dashed, and his promises flouted.

INTERNATIONAL BAD MANNERS.

We do not know which Germany will regard as more insulting—the attacks upon her by our high-tariff Senators, or their later eulogies of her. Either, we should say, would be pretty hard to put up with. That particular display of bad manners has no great importance in itself. Foreigners have, by this time, come pretty well to understand the playful ways of our Congressmen. And as they are more and more taking up with high tariffs themselves, they see better what a provocation of anger, malice, and all uncharitableness the system of protection is. Trade wars may be the bitterest of all; and in the matter of offensive epithet applied to foreign commercial rivals, neither the German nor the English pot can call the American kettle black. From laying a prohibitory tax on foreigners' goods to charging him with trickery and deceit, is but a natural and easy step.

The evil, however, does not stop with tariffs and taxes. In all the relations between countries, there persists a vast and wholly unreasonable amount of suspicion, dislike, and latent antagonism. The Prime Minister of England recently confessed that this kind of international exasperation appears to be growing. "We live," said Mr. Asquith, "in a scare-mongering age." And the scares, of course, are all concerning the wicked designs of unscrupulous foreigners. Frank Dr. Johnson said that all foreigners seemed to him to be fools. And knaves, we add to-day. They are all the while scheming to trick and cozen us; while we, of course, are merely seeking by lawful and honorable means to take our rightful place in the world—simply to "sit in the sun," as the Germans phrase it.

Two statesmen have recently borne striking testimony to the extent and

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harmfulness of this spirit of international misunderstanding and animosity. Senator Root's speech at the Peace Dinner had a passage of manly protest at the ignorant and barbaric attitude of many in this country towards the Japanese. And the other day at Mohonk, Ambassador Bryce uttered some forcible words about the urgent duty of removing "the atmosphere of suspicion" which now seems to envelop all the great Powers of the world. It is commonly said that reckless and sensational newspapers are to blame. Doubtless, they have their share of the guilt to bear, and it is a grievous one, but Mr. Bryce affirmed truly that irresponsible editors vilify foreigners only because they think the public craves such attacks. The British Ambassador added:

> Thus we come back to the people—that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the government and of the press. Why do we like to have other nations placed in the worst light and their defects exaggerated? Why is it thought patriotic to defy other nations and unpatriotic to indicate any faults in ourselves, any weak points in our own case?

The answer to these questions is—"pure ignorance." Bad manners go with defective education. The boor would behave better if he only knew how. And these recurring displays of international ill breeding simply show that millions of people have not emerged from that sunk condition of ignorance when every tribe thought that the men over the river or across the mountain range were natural and inveterate enemies, always lying in wait to burn and kill. To that kind of barbarism, trade jealousies and the mad competition in armaments seem to be carrying the world back with a temporary lurch. But it will be only temporary. The means of spreading knowledge are too varied and invincible to permit the darkness to settle long upon us. There is no way of laying a protective tariff on ideas. Free trade in them will go on, and will in the end scatter the anarchs and Old Night.

In all this matter, we have to discriminate between the international bad manners of public men and of private citizens. If the former are more dangerous, the latter may be more nettling. Peace may be imperilled by the statesman, but by the traveller complacency is upset. The amount of ill-will created by English writers about the United States is proverbial. But that, too, is passing away. We are not so thin-skinned to foreign critics as we used to be. If they can teach us anything, so much the better; if we can catch them ludicrously tripping, that heightens our joy. The composure with which Ferrero's criticisms have been received, as compared with those of Mrs. Trollope and of Dickens, speaks much for our gain in good nature and in philosophic calm. To take in good part even the sharpest pen-thrusts of a foreigner, is getting to be a world-trait, a form of international good breeding. An American, Price Collier, has, for example, published recently a book on the English. It is filled with briery comment, but the English reviewers seem to write of it good-humoredly. Thus the *Westminster Gazette* quotes what the author says about the English diet:

> Meat, meat, meat, and no alleviation. The vegetables are few, and even they, as Heine phrased it, "are boiled in water, and then put upon the table just as God made them." . . . The eternal round of eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, and chicken, with potatoes, and cabbage, and cheese, is the familiar diet of the Englishman. Nor does he complain. He wants nothing else.

But it immediately adds:

> Of course, he does not!—especially when, together with his eternal round of eggs, etc., the gods occasionally send him, among his mental food, such books as Mr. Collier's. Then he complains less than ever, but rejoices exceedingly, and reads the book from beginning to end.

That is both good sense and good manners. If all international pin-pricks could be dealt with in like fashion, the peace of the world would be more secure.

MAKING SCHOLARSHIP RESPECTABLE.

President Lowell's address at Columbia University last week carries with it the interest that always attaches to the first pronouncement of policy under a new reign. What will the young King do? Will he follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, request his Cabinet to retain their portfolios, and declare his firm adhesion to the treaties and alliances entered into by the late monarch? Or will he dissolve Parliament, clap the Minister of Finance into jail under charges of defalcation, hang the chief groom of the bed-chamber, and announce his intention to make a radical change in his country's foreign relations? The latter course has been followed, but only by hot-headed young princes. The wise ruler, upon assuming the crown, will come out for no such open break with the past, however strong his determination to govern in accordance with his own ideas. He will promulgate his complete agreement with the policies of his predecessor, but will let it be known that no rough riders, heroes of the hunting-field, and famous halfbacks need apply. He will declare for the strict enforcement of the law, but will draw the line at brass bands. He will assume responsibility for the success or failure of his reign, but will refrain from calling up his ministers on the telephone at 2 A. M. And in the end he may have built up a fairly satisfactory policy of his own out of his slight exceptions to the policies of the preceding reign.

Some such procedure is forecasted in President Lowell's Phi Beta Kappa address. The development of the elective system is the policy with which Dr. Eliot's name is commonly connected. Of the elective system, Harvard's new president has drawn up a sharp arraignment. It is true that he approaches the subject from a single side, from the point of view of one who believes that it is a powerful function of the university to foster expert scholarship. Our graduate schools are not a success, if we compare the progress of scholarship in our country either with our advance in material welfare, or specifically with the excellent work done by our professional schools. And the trouble is not that our graduate schools are deficient in the machinery of specialized training, but that they are compelled to work with unpromising material. "The graduate school," he says, "can train scholars, it cannot create love of scholarship." Such love of scholarship should be imbibed and cherished in the college, but is not; and the fault lies in the lack of the stimulus of competition. In the preparatory school we have the stimulus of discipline, of a prescribed programme. In the professional school there is the powerful stimulus of fitting one's self for earning one's livelihood. But in the college, under the elective system, there is compulsion neither from without nor from within. There is none from within, because the elective system, in breaking up the uniformity of undergraduate training, has done away with the stimulus of rivalry

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which should be quite as effective in the intellectual sphere as in athletics or business.

But Dr. Lowell perceives that the elective system cannot be done away with. "No sane man would propose to restore anything resembling a fixed curriculum in any of our larger colleges. We must not go backward; we could not if we would." Remains, therefore, the task of infusing the spirit of emulation into college work by other means. Dr. Lowell thinks it necessary to free the specially gifted student from the drag imposed upon him by a minimum of scholarship fixed in accordance with the needs of the average man, and sometimes even the dunce. Some such system of honor and pass-examinations as obtains in the English universities would be in line. For the essential point is to endow scholastic proficiency with some of the outward distinctions that are so effective in rousing the spirit of competition in the heart of youth. At present, exceptional proficiency in a college student is *prima-facie* evidence of guilt. He cannot stand high in his studies without being that most dreadful of all college species, a "grind." Let us accept this common prejudice as a fact, says Dr. Lowell. Let us devise some system of examinations and rewards that shall be closed to the mere "grind." Just as making the eleven or the eight is a testimonial to extraordinary physical powers, let there be a mark by which we can distinguish our intellectually select.

President Lowell's appeal ought to find a wide response. We are not oversanguine. We do not expect to see honor examinations in mathematics or Greek conducted in the Stadium amid the cheers of thirty thousand spectators. But we have little doubt that if college presidents were as interested in advertising the scholastic attainments of their honor men as they are in the success of the football team, men with brains would cease to be actually ashamed of the fact. The tyranny of college tradition is notorious, and the tyranny of the athletic tradition is as the iron caste laws of the Brahmins. The serious student and his teacher subscribe to it as meekly as the most devoted of rooters. The man who would rather spend an hour or two with Stevenson or the Arthurian romances feels that he is breaking the law which requires his presence at lacrosse practice. The man who is unfortunate enough to get an A in his English and history slinks about with a hangdog look. It does not matter that his lessons cost him almost as little time as they do the captain of the football team. It does not matter that he spends delightful hours in the book alcoves with Lecky or the wicked minor Latin poets. No. He gets along well in class; he shows interest in his books. Therefore he is a grind, something less than a man.

If President Lowell shall succeed in vindicating the claims of the bookman against the athlete, he will have done a memorable service. College tradition grows by sufferance. A sharp dig or two at muscle-worship, a word of praise for efficient brain-work, and the silly tradition will have lost much of its effectiveness. Nor does that mean that brains and sane indulgence in athletics are incompatible. It is quite the other way. Because of our present worship of the athlete-hero, the ordinary good scholar is so completely shut off from outdoor play that he feels himself a lamed being and ashamed, ashamed of what he can do as of what he cannot. When college athletics shall have learned to take care of every student, the undergraduate who can run a little, swim a little, and make a fair showing on the diamond, will not be ashamed to make an exceptional showing in the classroom.

"IN-BREEDING" IN COLLEGES.

Critics of American colleges and universities have had not a little to say about what they call "in-breeding" in the faculties. By this is meant a tendency, actual or fancied, to prefer local graduates for local appointments. The implication appears to be that in-breeding is, *per se*, a perilous practice, and that if only the authorities can be brought to see that they are doing the accursed thing, they will stop it forthwith, and return to a healthful and beneficent exogamy. It is possible to object, however, not only to this species of "reasoning from analogy," but also to the validity of the analogy itself as supporting the position advocated. Logically, the argument bears a strong family resemblance to the kind which once graced the discourses of the old-school political orator, the expounder of modern policy upon the basis of what passed for the experience of Imperial Rome. This sort of "reasoning" comes to jar on the nerves, if one feels obliged to take it seriously; for, after having been cozened a few times by some striking but really empty or misleading parallelism, one discovers that the bulk of this sort of argument is no more than a slurring over of real distinctions.

Even allowing analogy its due—for it often has suggestions of high value—let us consider this one of in-breeding. The parallel is plainly with human consanguineous unions, for if it were made to refer to animal or plant-breeding, it would mean little to the non-specialist. It is manifestly an appeal to the folk-prejudice against the union of near kin, a prepossession which, along with other popular beliefs, has been accepted without verification. Now, any thinking man realizes that human beings carry about a number of these unverified group-ideas—unverified, because life is too short and the power of the mind too limited to test more than a few of them. But they ought to be identified early in the intellectual life as a species, and as a probable source of error.

As a matter of fact, the analogy, when critically examined, yields, in several of its phases, an exact opposite of the conclusion which it is cited to support. It is not certain that even human consanguineous unions are so disastrous as people have often supposed; in any case, who could maintain that they have had less desirable results than unions from which indiscriminate human mongrels have sprung? But expand the analogy so that it takes in plant and animal-breeding. The only way to procure an animal or plant type that has any special individuality or value is precisely through isolation; that is, strict in-breeding; the way to lose such a type is to mix up the strains. After a while, to be sure, it is well to introduce some fresh blood; but this must be done with discrimination. Perhaps, if it is desired to get a product that "never was on sea or land," it would be advisable to mix varieties to the uttermost. Now, if this interpretation of the analogy be applied to a college, the case would stand something like this: if your type seems to you to possess any special value, keep up a good degree of isolation, introducing fresh blood spar-

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ingly and giving it time to become diffused; if you are disgusted with your type, break it all up and start over again, by thoroughly mixing the strain and awaiting variations from which to select a novel breed. The implication in the latter case is that anything is better than what you have, for nobody knows what bizarre forms you may succeed in producing by extensive mixture.

In short, seen aright, the analogy (neglecting its vagueness and its amusing side) reduces to this: faculty in-breeding may be bad or good, according to the circumstances. But policy in the matter ought not to be influenced by an unconsciously ignorant assumption that all organic in-breeding is bad. The issue is: Good for what? Bad for what? Some faculty types should not receive perpetuation in their existing form—that is freely granted. Let these out-breed. Other types are peculiarly and characteristically strong. They are impossible, apparently, of duplication, because of that indefinable something that might be called spirit. Let these in-breed as a policy, and out-breed only within the limit of the full preservation of their individuality. Let them out-breed enough to secure constant slight variations from which gradually to improve their stock; but let them beware of running to unpredictable mutations and "sports."

This argument by analogy is slippery in the extreme, however conscientiously it is used. At all events, educated men should not allow themselves to be taken in by careless reasoning from analogy on the part of others; and they should be properly humiliated if they detect themselves in the fallacy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A bibliographical account of the very rare map of Kentucky made by John Filson for his "History," published in 1784, has been prepared by P. Lee Phillips, chief of the map division of the Library of Congress, to accompany a facsimile reproduction made from the map recently acquired by the library. The volume, a quarto of twenty-two pages, besides the map, is published by W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington. They announce that if sufficient encouragement is received, similar monographs will be published on other rare American maps, such as Romans's map of Florida (1774) and Hermann's map of Virginia (1673).

Of Filson's map with imprint "Philad'a. Engrav'd by Henry D. Pursell, & Printed by T. Rook, for the Author, 1784.", six copies are located by Mr. Phillips, three in public and three in private libraries. The public libraries possessing impressions are Harvard, Public Library of Philadelphia, and Library of Congress. The private collections are those of the late E. D. Church and Robert Hoe of this city, and Col. R. T. Durrett of Louisville, Ky. The late E. C. Bigmore of London, an astute and careful student, informed the present writer some years ago that he had seen two genuine impressions of the map in the archives at Salamanca in Spain. At the time we had before us the Kalbfleisch-Pope copy (now Mr. Hoe's), and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bigmore confused the original Philadelphia map with either the French reproduction of 1785 or the English one of 1793. The two copies are probably still in Spain. Mr. Phillips has discovered a number of variations between the Library of Congress and Harvard copies, showing that the latter is a later impression taken after some alterations had been made to the plate.

"The Library of Rameses the Great," a lecture by Dr. Charles L. Nichols, read April 15, 1908, has just been published by the Club of Odd Volumes of Boston, as a pretty little book, with frontispiece and vignette engraved by Sidney L. Smith. Eighty-seven copies only are printed. Iamblicus, writing in 325 A. D. of the Egyptian mysteries, said that there were 20,000 books in this famous library, probably papyrus rolls preserved in cylinders. Dr. Nichols refers to several manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere, which may have formed a part of it, but nothing definite can be identified. Four pillars only are still standing of this, the oldest of all public libraries.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will hold sales on June 14, 15, 16, and 17. Several specimens of early printing, books on the Indians, and early settlements of the West; first editions of James Fenimore Cooper; a book from Longfellow's library, with his autograph, and a twelve-line poem in the autograph of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, are included.

The American auction season is about over, and not much of importance will be included in the few remaining sales.

The library of Henry B. H. Beaujoy is being dispersed by Christie Manson & Woods in London. The first portion was sold on June 7, 8, 9, and 10, and the second is to be sold on June 15, 16, and 17. "La Mer des Histoires" (Paris, 1488); the first Virgil, with a commentary (Venice, 1475); a fine French manuscript Psalterium (14th Century); Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols. (1625-26); and the first edition of Walton's "Lives" (1670) are notable books of the second portion.

On June 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell in London a collection of old books from the library of Col. Cotes. The first collected edition of Beaumont and Fetcher (1647), with "The Wild Goose Chase" (1652) bound in; "The Pilgrimes Progress," eighth edition (1682); Milton's "Paradise Regained," first edition (1671), in the original calf; a fourth folio Shakespeare (1685); Warner's "Albion's England," first edition (1586), and the first edition of the Sarum Missal, printed in England (1498), are notable books which are offered.

Correspondence.

WAS JOHN COTTON THE PRECEPTOR OF SIR HENRY VANE, JR.?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: J. Wingate Thornton ("The Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth"), seeking to establish the influential relation of the Massachusetts Puritans to the leaders of the English Commonwealth, thinks that Vane was a principal channel of that influence, and goes so far as to assert that "Vane was trained in Cotton's study." Dr. J. K. Hosmer ("Life of Sir Henry Vane") says, "This is scarcely too much to say," and gives a beautiful imaginary picture of the relation of the two men, when Vane was Cotton's guest. No evidence of this training and education is brought forward. It seems to be a pure conjecture, without any substantial proof, from the fact of Vane's residence in Cotton's home. From what we know of the two men, the probabilities are all against the reasonableness of the conjecture. We know that Vane could teach Cotton on the subject of religious toleration: why not also on the subject of church independency and polity, of true democracy in church government? In those days the two subjects seemed to be indissolubly connected.

We have no means of knowing how definite and fully ripened Vane's views were when he arrived in Boston. Edwin D. Mead says (the *Nation*, May 13, 1909): "When he came to Boston to live with John Cotton he was not an Independent, and when he went back to England he was. The inference would seem to be simple," that is, as to the fact of his training under Cotton. Perhaps not so simple, after all. It might be replied: neither was Cotton an Independent when Vane came to Boston, and more than that, he never became one, and was hardly qualified to be a sympathetic and successful teacher. So far as we have any knowledge, Vane was an independent in sentiment when he reached New England, and his experience here simply confirmed him in views already accepted, instead of teaching him new and broader views which his supposed teacher never accepted. His "training in Cotton's study" was of the kind that establishes the views which are not taught; that is, a teaching by repulsion. It is made certain by abundant testimony that Vane was an outspoken and fully ripened Independent at once when he returned to England. He was elected to Parliament in 1640, and immediately, says Dr. Ireland, "the leaders of the Independent party in the Commons were the younger Vane and Oliver St. John." Baillie, speaking of the Parliamentary discussions at that time, praises naturally the orators on the Presbyterian side, that is, those who declaimed in defence of the narrow polity and intolerance of the Presbyterians, and adds significantly, "Yet Henry Vane went on violently," on the side of the Independents.

It ought not to be necessary to repeat what is so well known and universally acknowledged, that Independency in England and Puritanism in Massachusetts Bay were not synonymous. They did not stand for the same things, either in the matter of civil or ecclesiastical polity. Dr. Hosmer says:

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The first hint at Independency is perhaps found in the writings of Zwingle. [A more accurate statement would be in the publications of the Swiss Anabaptists in the sixteenth century.] It *first took form in England*, however; then developed fully in America. [It should be said it was many years in developing.] While Prelacy was dominant in the time of Elizabeth and James, little congregations of Brownists or Separatists appeared here and there in England, some of which went to Holland.

As a proof of the lack of identity between Massachusetts Puritanism and English Independency it will be sufficient to quote Dr. Henry M. Dexter, a recognized authority, who says ("Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature," p. 463):

The early Congregationalism of this country was Barrowism and not Brownism—a Congregationalized Presbyterianism, or a Presbyterianized Congregationalism—which had its roots in the one system and its branches in the other.

This important distinction between the English Independents of that period and American Independents (?) is clearly brought out by J. A. Doyle ("The Puritan Colonies," I, 127):

To such an one as Vane life in New England must have been a continuous disenchantment. [This is a plain recognition of Vane's advanced position in Independency before he came to New England.] The more cultivated men among the political reformers valued and sympathized with Puritanism. But they valued it in its moral and political aspects, as a means for the regeneration of the individual, as an ally against corrupt courtiers and arbitrary statesmen, rather than a system of theological dogma. To them the Independent system meant one under which self-constituted societies, freely brought together by common beliefs and aspirations, might work out the problems of spiritual life, in New England it meant the arbitrary rule of a tyrannical public opinion. Moreover, to men familiar with those theories of human rights which were now asserting themselves, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Massachusetts must have seemed a violation of all sound principles.

The same fundamental distinction between Brownism or English Independency and so-called American Independency is recognized and set forth as follows by Prof. Herbert L. Osgood ("American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century"):

Not only was it [religious freedom] a fundamental tenet of Robert Browne, but it lay at the basis of true Independency. The Puritans of Massachusetts were in theory Independents, and had they remained true to the principle upon which their movement began, they must have welcomed the doctrine with which the name of Roger Williams is identified. But largely under the pressure of political necessity, the Massachusetts leaders had from the beginning committed themselves to a limited and Presbyterianized Independency. In order to secure unity and strength they had sacrificed freedom (I, 235).

Finally, the tendency toward democracy in ecclesiastical and civil government was counterbalanced by the necessity for the maintenance of order and authority. The more aristocratic phases of this system were reproduced by the Presbyterians of England and Scotland; the more democratic by Robert Browne and his followers, the Separatists. An intermediate position came to be occupied by the Puritans of New England (I, 203).

In 1634, the year after Cotton's arrival in Boston, he issued a publication entitled "Questions and Answers Upon Church Government." This publication was reissued in 1643. In it Cotton maintained, according to Dr. Dexter (p. 424), "that Christ has committed government partly to the body of the church, but principally to the Presbytery of Ruling Elders." The system of ruling elders was out and out Presbyterianism to that extent. Dr. Dexter declares (p. 699):

Our historic original New England Congregationalism was a purely Presbyterian polity, only that it was applied to, and stopped short with, the local assembly.

The system was more and more departed from as the years went by, to the regret of prominent leaders. John Wise writing in 1717 ("A Vindication of the Government of N. E. Churches," p. 88) "pleads for the old New England way, as he understands and advocates it, with Ruling Elders holding their place."

Of "The Way of the Churches of Christ in New England," Cotton's publication, which Mr. Mead thinks had influence on Vane, Dr. Dexter says (p. 434): "In this I think of nothing which requires mention as adding to, or especially modifying, the views already propounded." The Cambridge Platform distinctly declared, "The term Independent we approve not." Hugh Peters said (1643), "We are much charged with what we own not, viz.: Independency." There were undoubtably different shades of belief among the churches. It was a time of transition. Some of the leaders, including Cotton, were charged with inconsistent utterances. It is doubtful if among the early New England churches of "the standing order" there were any Independent churches in the English sense or any Congregational Churches in the modern sense anywhere, excepting in the Plymouth Colony. In its ripest stage for many years it was, to repeat Dr. Dexter's accurate phrase, "Presbyterianized Congregationalism." Dr. E. H. Byington says ("The Puritan in England and New England," p. 108):

The present Congregationalism is much nearer that of the Plymouth Church than that of the Cambridge Platform.

Under that Platform churches bearing the name Presbyterian, though of the Congregational sort, were organized for a century and more. An illustration is found in Providence, R. I. The First Congregational (now Unitarian) Society in Providence, organized as late as 1720, was called Presbyterian. In a discourse on the history of the church, delivered in 1836, by the pastor, Rev. Edward B. Hall, occur these words:

The first name given to this Society, Presbyterian, I know not how to explain. It is found in the earliest records and deeds, and was long the popular, if not the only, name. . . . It is still better known probably, at least to those in this vicinity, than any other name.

The land on which the first house of worship was erected, was conveyed in 1723 to "Feoffees in trust for the Presbyterian or Congregational Society in Providence." The terms were employed interchangeably or as mutually descriptive.

No fact in history is more incontrovertible than that the Independency of England was more advanced, and more consistent than the Congregationalism of New England. The extent of its diffusion is often underestimated. The Brownists or Separatists, and the Baptists were in harmony in their views of religious liberty and of church polity. They were all Independents or Congregationalists. The Independents did not become a political party until near the close of the first third of the seventeenth century. But they had long been a positive and increasing force to be reckoned with among the religious forces of the English people, and were so active and aggressive, in spite of bitter and persistent persecution, that they had not a little to do in bringing about the English Commonwealth. They were strong enough and numerous enough to become the dominant party in England under Cromwell. Fifty-five years had passed between Browne's movement at Norwich, and the emigration of Vane, and Browne's priority is disputed by some Baptist historians. A half-century and more is ample time for a harvest, when the soil is ready. It is stated by an opponent that the presses of the Baptists "did groan and sweat under the load of their publications," which scattered everywhere their leavening influence. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," calls attention to the fact that "at the beginning of the seventeenth century scores of Independent congregations existed in England and Wales." Thomas Erskine May ("Constitutional History of England" II, 296) says: "Before the death of Elizabeth (1603) the Independents had spread themselves widely through the country." Sir Walter Raleigh declared in Parliament, before the close of the sixteenth century, that "he was afraid that there were nearly twenty thousand Brownists in England." Evidently "the New England Way," so-called, was not a new way in old England, unless its modification made it such. Vane had a thousand better qualified teachers at home, and it is safe to say, had learned his lesson well, so that he had little need of Cotton as "preceptor" during his brief experience in Boston. This will easily account for the fact which Mr. Mead, who nevertheless advocates the claim for Cotton, acknowledges, when he says: "It is also certain that the learner advanced far beyond the [supposed] teacher." At any rate, we must accept Cotton's own testimony as to the position he held, viz., "Democracy I do not conceyve that ever God did ordeyne as a fitt government eyther for church or commonwealth."

HENRY M. KING.

Providence, R. I., May 14.

MAJOR WIRZ AT ANDERSONVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In support of the contention which has been recently made, that Major Wirz was not responsible for the conditions at Andersonville prison, I beg to submit the following evidence of an eye witness, who was clearly speaking with the utmost sincerity.

While a passenger on a train approaching Andersonville on last Saturday, I fell into conversation with an elderly man, who evinced great interest in the new monument to Major Wirz. A few questions disclosed the fact that he was for several weeks on guard duty at the prison in the summer of 1864, when conditions were at their worst. In reply to my questions, he said:

If they was badly treated, I didn't see it. They drawed their rations just like we drawed ours, and they was the same rations. We was just as much prisoners as they was, because if we went outside the lines we was court-martialled; and we had to work for our rations.

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His description of the rations was quite enough to explain illness, but he had no complaint to make, as he said they knew they received the best the authorities could furnish.

I submit that evidence of this sort, given by a man whose speech showed that he was a Southerner, and without the least idea that it would ever be printed, should have great weight. If prisoners and guards received exactly the same rations, there can at least be no truth in the contention that the prisoners were starved. Any soldier in any of the Southern armies could explain why medicine was not to be had for the prisoners. W. D. HOOPER.

University of Georgia, Athens Ga., May 26.

SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your amusing dissertation (see *Nation*, May 27) on the parlor Socialist recalls a hectic warning against Socialism, entitled "The Coming Peril," which came to my notice a few days ago.

Socialism has truly lost much of its ancient barnyard ferocity, and tamed down to a suitable playfulness for the parlor. Its fangs have been drawn, its sting removed, and what was once honest, if forceful, protest, has degenerated into a species of windy discontent with oppression, monopoly, confiscation, etc., as maltreated bywords.

Though not disposed to apologize for the injustices of the economic system, I yet fail to see how the good of the cause is served by calling things out of their names. Monopoly and confiscation are relative terms, and applied indiscriminately promise no solution.

Specific gravity counts in the economic as in the physical world. Conditions cannot be overcome by theories, nor is virtue attained through vociferous condemnation of successful brigandage. W. S.

Philadelphia, June 2.

THE HANGING OF PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may not be too late to submit the following quotation apropos of the recent discussion in your correspondence column in regard to the hanging of animals. The passage is found in the work attributed to one Meister Stolle (thirteenth or fourteenth century), reprinted in Von der Hagen's "Minnesinger," vol. III, p. 5:

A king rode before the house of a good man who dwelt by the forest, and who suffered many sorrows without desert. A garden lay by the house, in which he had erected a gallows. The king said: "Good man, tell me, why have you erected this?" He said: "Full many a day the tall weeds have destroyed my good crops; these I pull out with my hands and hang them upon the gallows, that they may wither there."

B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, May 26.

Notes.

After a silence of six years, James Lane Allen has written a new novel, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," which will be issued by the Macmillan Company at an early date.

Little, Brown & Co. have ready for immediate publication a new work by Admiral A. T. Mahan, entitled "The Harvest Within: Being Thoughts on the Life of a Christian." This is a striking departure from the topics usually considered by our naval writer.

Nathan Haskell Dole has made a translation of Baroness von Suttner's "Memoiren," which will be brought out by Ginn & Co. The book, in its German form, was noticed in the *Nation* of February 18.

Calmann-Lévy announce a new work by Anatole France, to be called "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue, et autres contes merveilleux."

The Sturgis & Walton Co. announce what they describe as an important book of travel to be published in the autumn. It is an account of "The Great Wall of China," by Dr. William Edgar Geil.

Buxton Forman is editing a volume of letters of Edward John Trelawny. He would be glad to have any letters of Trelawny's sent to him for inspection, at No. 46 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, London.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (the Scientific Press) comes to us for the year 1909, with its full statistics regarding English and Colonial charitable institutions, with a chapter on American hospitals. The expenditure tables have all been remodelled in order to bring them into line with the Revised Uniform System of Accounts. In its own field the book is indispensable.

One may fairly ask whether Alexander J. Philip did not fall between two stools when he refrained from making a Dickens encyclopædia or a Dickens concordance out of his "Dickens Dictionary" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The compiler himself laments the difficulty of separating the characters and places dealt with by the novelist from merely casual allusions. This will probably be felt still more keenly by the reader, who may be counted upon to consult the volume for just those less familiar scenes and persons which Mr. Philip omits. Barring this defect, the dictionary is admirably wrought. Under the leading titles appear the chapter reference, followed by a brief description which, in the case of more important characters, is amplified by a note about the plot and setting. When possible, conjectures are added as to the historical personages who may have served as models. Dickens's own descriptions are closely followed throughout. The synopses of his works, in the introduction, are not uniformly good, though doubtless serving well enough what little purpose they have. It is to be hoped that the work will soon grow into a Dickens encyclopædia, as Mr. Philip plans.

Prof. Eugen Kuehnemann of the University of Breslau, who was exchange professor at Harvard from 1906 to 1908, has written for the *Deutsche Rundschau* a study of ex-President Eliot, which has been translated by Dr. A. W. Boesche of Harvard University, and published by Houghton Mifflin Company in a thin volume of eighty-five pages. The writer has tempered his admiration for Harvard's great president with a sufficient measure of judgment. He is interpretative rather than critical, but will undoubtedly give his German public a very adequate idea of what Mr. Eliot stood for and accomplished. To us, naturally, the little essay brings little that is new. If Prof. Eugen Kuehnemann errs anywhere it is in laying somewhat exaggerated emphasis on President Eliot's devotion to the cause of American democracy. Mr. Eliot's influence on public life has undoubtedly been notable, but, after all, it is something of a commonplace that the speeches of university presidents shall insist upon the close connection between college and country. The German reader is a bit in danger of drawing wrong conclusions concerning the aristocratic tone of the average American university other than Harvard.

"Civics and Health" (Ginn & Co.), by William H. Allen, secretary of the Bureau of Municipal Research, is not the systematic treatise which the title might lead some readers to expect. It is, however, most interesting reading, well calculated to draw attention to the exceedingly varied efforts now making to bring about a general social betterment by beginning at the bottom. The central theme of the book may be said to be that health is a right which every member of the community may properly claim, and that the most important element in the health of the community in the broadest sense is the child. The preface, by Prof. W. T. Sedgwick, intimates that the author is a prophet, but of a very practical type, albeit crying in a social wilderness. Much of his message seems to us rather vague, as, perhaps, befits prophecy, and some of his views and suggestions, mostly little suited for quotation, will not bear rigid inspection at short range; but the book as a whole can hardly fail to awaken the sympathies of even an apathetic reader. Now and then he may feel that he hears too many of the pet phrases of the settlement worker, or he may find the trend of method altogether too socialistic, the system too paternal to be quite acceptable; but the more he reads the better he will recognize that the preacher sincerely desires to reduce these evils to the lowest possible limit. It is an unexpected pleasure to come upon a thoroughly rational attitude towards alcohol and tobacco, and the mere expression of such views will create confidence in the writer's position regarding other very debatable questions. The book is well printed, and has a number of excellent pictures, whose precise relation to the text is not always obvious.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just issued the "New International Year Book" for 1908, the second in their new series of annual volumes edited by Frank Moore Colby. In 1902 both the "International Year Book" and its senior, "Appleton's Annual," suspended publication. Their simultaneous disappearance was presumptive evidence that there was no demand for works of that character. Yet it is hard to see why the journalist, the student of contemporary politics, and the large number of college teachers whose interests lie in the yearly progress of the social and natural sciences should fail to recognize the large utility of an annual cyclopædia, provided it shows tolerable fulness and a high standard of accuracy. If history, for instance, is to go on being written in large part from newspapers, as it has been done by Mr. Schouler and Mr. Rhodes, a reliable annual compendium is both a valuable guide and sub-

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stitute. The latest "International Year Book" is a handsomely printed volume of 776 large pages. It appears exceptionally strong in gazetteer matter and politics. Perhaps as valuable a feature as any is the summary of events accompanying the separate articles on the States and Territories Local politics and legislation are badly neglected in nearly all books of reference, in spite of the fact that Alexander Johnston in "Lalor's Cyclopædia" showed what admirable work can be done in that field. In the present volume the State summaries have been intelligently prepared. Here, if anywhere, error by writer or proofreader should be rigidly guarded against. Those we have noticed are of the second kind. Under Louisiana, the difference between 63,000 votes and 12,000 votes should give a majority of about 50,000 and not 40,000 as stated. Under New York, Shearn's vote for Governor is given as 33,994. This was approximately Shearn's vote in New York city; in the State it was over 43,000. Foreign statistics and politics receive very satisfactory treatment. The biography strikes us as comprehensive, but overcondensed. About 1,400 words for Grover Cleveland is not enough; or if that is enough, 800 words for Senator Allison is too much. Campbell-Bannerman and Charles W. Eliot are treated very summarily. But as a whole, the book easily demonstrates its value as a work of reference.

"Woman Through the Ages," by Emil Reich (E. P. Dutton & Co.), may interest those who are in search of facts about women dissociated from the political, social, and literary movements of their times. The "gallons" of information, poured (to use the author's own figure) into the "pint measures" of two handsomely printed and illustrated volumes, include all types of "western" women from the mothers of Egypt and the matrons and commendable *hetæræ* of Greece to the "Amazons" of America, in whom is all guile, and who have not yet found their Theseus in the "American male Cinderella." The clearest thread in the maze of biographical and descriptive material is the author's theory, already advanced in a previous work, that imperialism affects disadvantageously the position and character of woman. Upon this thread are strung specimens as diverse as the women of Athens, Sparta, Rome, and England. Although first-hand sources have been drawn upon, readers familiar with other compendia of the history and literature of classical antiquity, the middle ages, and the renaissance, and of France and England in the following centuries, will find little that is new in this book. Dr. Reich's opinions, however, are often sufficiently unprecedented, as when he asserts (inconsistently with some of his other conclusions) that it was the failure of the Greeks to develop their women which proved their ruin, or that "in the renaissance the personality of women was as yet nebulous." His knowledge of sculptured beauty is less exact than his observation of the beauties of living women, if we may judge from his failure to distinguish from Pentelic the Parian marble of the Venus of Melos. His literary preferences may be seen from his attributing to Mrs. Browning a "beauteous power of song" and to George Eliot "feeble didacticism and verbosity." His moral preferences are not always so well defined, but in general they tend to exalt the mother of the Gracchi above George Sand. The feminism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is always an abomination to him. Since Dr. Reich disclaims having written a "history of woman," we cannot perhaps complain of his special pleading and fitful arguments. But even those who agree with him will find his entire treatment vitiated by a style at once feverish and bloodless. It is not in this way that the "few Englishmen" at whom his preface is aimed will be disabused of a *chinoiserie d'idées* about "the rôle of woman in social and historical life."

Prof. Otto Ritschl has undertaken an exceptionally difficult task in a large history of Protestant theological thought, "Dogmengeschichte des Protestantismus: Grundlagen und Grundzüge der theologischen Gedanken- und Lehrbildung in den protestantischen Kirchen." Vol. I has the special title, "Prolegomena: Biblizismus und Traditionalismus in der altprotestantischen Theologie" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs). The author correctly feels that he is supplying a desideratum, as the theology of the early Protestant fathers has been grossly neglected in favor of the theology of the middle ages and earlier periods; or, even worse, has been judged from a wrong point of view. Ritschl has undertaken to furnish a purely objective investigation.

A new book of unusual interest to students of German literature is volume xiv of Suphan's edition of Herder, recently published. This scholarly edition has been for years almost complete. The lack of this particular volume, however, has been felt as a serious gap in the series, as it was to contain the second half of the "Ideen," with the introduction and critical apparatus to the whole work. The first half of the "Ideen," volume xiii, appeared in 1887, and scholars were beginning to give up hope of seeing the work completed in Suphan's lifetime. His duties as director of the Goethe and Schiller Archives in Weimar and supervising editor of the Weimar edition of Goethe have occupied him to such an extent that it seemed as if he would be unable to complete the Herder. But the editing of Goethe's scientific writings has put him in possession of a rich fund of material bearing on Herder's relation to Goethe. The matter of chief importance is the manuscript material which Herder left, and which throws new light on the history of the composition of the work. Volume I of the edition, we may add, was published in 1877, and reviewed in the *Nation* of May 30, 1878. The concluding volume will probably appear in 1910.

That modern English literature interests the Germans more and more, keeping pace with their study of the current English language, may be shown by a new and voluminous work, "Die englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Victoria," by Dr. Leon Kellner, professor in the University of Czernowitz (Leipzig: Tauchnitz). In the characteristic style of the *Forscher* who is determined to sweep the forest and thus overlook no tree, bush, fern, or even moss, Kellner begins with a general view of literature at the dawn of the Victorian era, seeks to outline the chief characteristics of English poetry, fiction, history, and drama, as they gradually developed, and treats the leading writers, one by one, beginning with Dickens, Bulwer, and Mill, and passing through Carlyle and Thackeray to Kipling, Yeats, and Bernard Shaw. About these he groups various persons of greater or less fame, in England and America, whose lives and work were influenced by the authors especially considered. Thus Emerson and Longfellow, in their relations to Carlyle and Tennyson, are noted. German criticism, as well as English, is presented in compendious footnotes, though the work, as a whole, is historical rather than critical. Bernard Shaw comes in for a disproportionate discussion, a bias that may be explained by the frequent presentation in Germany of Shaw's plays, and several translations into German of his leading works.

The latest addition to the series Der alte Orient, published for the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft, by J. C. Hinrichs of Leipzig, is an instructive brochure by Dr. Arthur Ungnad, entitled "Die Deutung der Zukunft bei den Babyloniern und Assyrern." It is exceptionally rich in new material from cuneiform sources.

A valuable work on the same general subject, although of an entirely different character, is V. Unruh's "Leben mit den Tieren" (Stuttgart: Franckhsche Verlagshandlung). It is a thorough psychological study of the lower animals, with excellent suggestions as to man's relations to them, and his proper treatment of them in order to develop their most useful qualities through domestication.

One of the best studies of America published in Germany is Dr. Paul Darmstaedter's "Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika: Ihre politische, wirthschaftliche und soziale Entwicklung" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer). In less than 250 pages the author gives a clear and comprehensive survey of the subject, showing thorough knowledge and just appreciation.

Students of philology and of history, especially readers of Livy, will be interested in the new work of Wilhelm Soltau, entitled "Die Anfänge der römischen Geschichtschreibung" (Leipzig: H. Haesel). The special purpose of this book is to show that all vital and individual features in the oldest Roman history are based on literary invention, and not like myth and folkfore, on a foundation of facts. The author asserts that no credence can be given to reports except those written contemporaneously with the events themselves. The details of this rather radical claim are developed on the basis of the oldest records, such as the Roman dramas, Ennius's "Annals," etc. The same house has also published an interesting biographical work by Dr. O. Th. Schulz of the University of Leipzig, entitled "Der römische Kaiser Caracalla: Genie, Wahnsinn, oder Verbrechen?" The writer, who is already known as the author of several larger works dealing with the Empire, has here given the latest results of psychological and historical study. In general the outcome of his research is more favorable to the Emperor than had hitherto been his lot at the hands of modern historians. In this respect he follows largely the lines of research already pointed out by Leopold von Ranke. The work is written *sine ira et studio*.

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The "Weltgeschichte seit der Völkerwanderung," by Dr. Theodor Lindner of the University of Leipzig, which is to be completed in nine volumes, has now reached the sixth. This volume treats of the Modern European System of States, of Absolutism and Mercantilism, of Emancipation and Independent Thought, and of Asia and Africa. The work is largely a history of civilization. Published by J. G. Cotta, Nachfolger, in Stuttgart und Berlin.

Notwithstanding the attitude of Germans toward the French, Napoleon continues to interest them, as is shown by the regular appearance of German publications. "Napoleons Schriften und Gespräche," gathered from French, German, and also English sources, and edited by Hans Landsberg (Berlin: Pan Verlag) is the latest volume in the Napoleon Bibliothek. The editor claims for the Emperor no considerable literary ability, but believes that many of his forgotten compositions and interviews are worth reprintng. This is at least true with the account of Napoleon's meeting with Goethe, described by Goethe himself briefly and unsatisfactorily.

Some years ago Eduard von Hartmann set himself to the task of writing a "System der Philosophie im Grundriss," and now he has finished the volume containing the "Grundriss der Religionsphilosophie" (Bad Sachsa im Harz: Hermann Haacke). The clear style and direct address of the author should commend themselves to the reader weary of wandering in the underbrush of German philosophical discussion.

The special value of the fifty-seventh annual report of the trustees of the Boston Public Library lies in the fact that it shows down to the minutest details the nature and extent of the work of the library force. For instance, to deliver a book to a reader in the central library requires the "service of six different persons." The intelligence needed in some positions is shown by a list of the inquiries for information by school-children, 158 of whom came into the rooms of a single branch one afternoon in December. There are kept on file about 375 newspapers in 20 different languages and "nearly 1,700 different periodicals are in daily use." The depreciation of the value of books is such that of the million volumes in the library about 150,000 "are not worth commercially more than ten cents apiece." One cannot read the report without being impressed with the great educational value of the library, not to the city alone, but to all the scholars living within fifty miles of Boston.

According to recently published statistics of higher education in Europe, the universities there number 135, with 224,740 students. Of these institutions, Germany has 22, with 50,432 students; France 16, with 32,211 students; Austria and Hungary 13, with 28,918; Great Britain 17, with 21,614; Switzerland 7, with 6,780; Russia 9, with 20,192; Belgium 5, with 6,207; Italy 20 (not counting the one just destroyed at Messina), with 22,794; Spain 9, with 12,180; Sweden 3, with 4,972; Holland 5, with 3,918; Rumania 3, with 5,007; Greece, the University of Athens, with 2,600; Denmark, the University of Copenhagen, with 1,607; Portugal, the University of Coimbra, with 1,840; Norway, the University of Christiania, with 1,700; Servia, the University of Belgrade, with 700; and Bulgaria, the University of Sofia, with 1,014. The ten universities with the largest bodies of students are: Berlin 14,203, Paris 13,420, Budapest 6,610, Vienna 6,308, Munich 6,109, Moscow 5,790, Naples 4,930, Petersburg 4,651, Leipzig 4,630, and Madrid 4,204.

The French Académie des Inscriptions has announced a number of prizes. The Grand Prix Gobert, 10,000 frs., is divided between M. Delachenal for his "Histoire de Charles V," and M. Caillet for his "Histoire de la Commune de Lyon au quinzième siècle." The Prix Saintour, 3,000 frs., is divided among four, the chief portion going to the Abbé Roussel for his translation of the Râmâyana. The Prix Bordin, 3,000 frs., is also divided, one part going to Edmond Dautté for his "Magie et religion dans l'Afrique du nord."

Dr. Theodor Barth, the eminent German publicist, died at Baden Baden unexpectedly June 2. He was born in Duderstadt, Hanover, July 16, 1849. From his thirteenth to his nineteenth year he studied at the Gymnasium Andrianum, in Hildesheim, and spent the next three years studying law at the universities of Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Berlin, passing his examination as "Doctor juris utriusque," at Leipzig, in 1870. In 1871 and 1872 he was practising law in Bremen, for the next four years was Amtsassessor at Bremerhaven, and from 1876 to 1883 syndic of the Chamber of Commerce in Bremen, bank commissioner of the German Reichsbank, and general secretary of the Deutsche Gesellschaft zur Rettung Schiffbrüchiger. He represented the three Hanseatic cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, in the committee of the Bundesrat which prepared the protective tariff of 1879. Dr. Barth was a free trader, and all through his career he energetically opposed Bismarck's protective policy. He entered the Reichstag in 1881 as member for the constituency of Gotha, and the rest of his life was devoted to the cause of Liberalism. In 1883 he took up his residence in Berlin, where he founded *Die Nation*, a weekly paper, which existed under his editorship until 1907, when the publication was stopped. *Die Nation* was devoted to politics, political economy, literature, and art, and was the organ of the best writers of the Liberal party. Dr. Barth visited the United States in 1886, 1893, 1896, and 1907. In June, 1907, he received the honorary degree of Ltt.D. from Harvard University. He wrote freely and temperately of American affairs, and issued a study of "Amerikanisches Wirtschaftsleben" in 1887, and a book named "Amerikanische Eindrücke" in 1896. His other writings were mostly contributions to *Die Nation* and to German, French, and English reviews.

Col. Alexander Kelly McClure, an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and a well-known figure in journalism, died suddenly June 6, at his home in Wallingford, Pa. He was born of Scotch-Irish stock in Sherman's Valley, Pa., January 9, 1828. His early life was spent on his father's farm. When fifteen years old, he was apprenticed to a tanner, but was dissatisfied, and in 1846 he left. He then drifted into journalism at Mifflin, Pa., and from there went to Chambersburg. From journalism it was an easy step to politics, and as a member of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, he suggested that the Pennsylvania delegates should break away from Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, and vote for Lincoln. This was done, and Lincoln's name stampeded the convention. In 1868 he went to Philadelphia to live, and took up the practice of law, having been admitted to the bar in 1853. He was chairman of the State delegation to the national convention that in 1872 nominated Horace Greeley for President. In 1873, with Frank McLaughlin, he established the Philadelphia *Times*, with a capital of $50,000. In less than ten years the property was worth more than $1,000,000. In 1900 he retired from the editorship of the *Times*, and, except for articles on politics, from active journalistic work.

From Leyden comes the report of the death of Professor de Goeje, the great Orientalist. He was seventy-three years old.

A GREAT STATE.

Historic Indiana. By Julia Henderson Levering. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The historian of Indiana has a pleasant field. Mrs. Levering exploits it to excellent advantage, presenting in a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated book of five hundred pages a series of well-written chapters relating the development of the State through all its stages. As to its natural aspect, few American commonwealths are so attractive as a home for men. Scarcely an acre of its area is unavailable for human uses. There are no deserts, no sterile moutain tracts, no irreclaimable swamps. Its sand and gravel are of value, if in no other way, for the making of roads: its water-soaked lowlands abound in peat and fertilizing muck; its stone can be turned into masonry for cities; coal, iron, and petroleum abound beneath its surface, while above thousands of square miles of the most fruitful soil respond to the "tickling of the hoe" with such "laughing harvests" as the farmer rarely sees elsewhere. With such an endowment, Indiana is well compensated for her lack of picturesqueness: if she has no cataracts or snow-capped ranges, she has something better.

The Algonquins of the primeval period appreciated the advantages of the region, clustering numerously both north and south; and the earliest white explorers found it directly in their path as they pushed from the valley of the St. Lawrence into that of the Mississippi. Short portages at the headwaters of the Wabash and the Kankakee, opened an easy way for them to the Great River, and the trading posts were among the earliest established. The French knew it well, and their English successors saw here no less a land of promise. No episode of the Revolution is more memorable than the winning upon Indiana soil, by George Rogers Clark, for Virginia and so for the United States, of the great Northwest. Then

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followed the settlement, at first an immigration from Virginia and the Carolinas, across Kentucky into the southern area; then an influx from the East across Ohio and by Lake Erie; and last an inpouring of the best European elements—a commingling of various strains into a population now in the twentieth century compact, homogeneous, and organized according to the best Anglo-Saxon traditions. These men had a great and most honorable part in the civil war; and since then, in the Union which they did so much to preserve and confirm, are conspicuous in all the best elements of American civilization.

While in general Mrs. Levering only retells a well-known story, her narrative notes a number of matters which, if ever mentioned, have been forgotten or not sufficiently recognized. Will Kentucky acquiesce in the statement that the "blue grass," her most famous resource, the product which beyond all others has made her rich and attractive, is by no means indigenous, but borrowed from her northern neighbor? Here we are told that Kentucky soldiers, returning home from Tippecanoe, carried with them the seed of what their horses had fattened on in the campaign. It is disquieting to read that in 1811 Indiana, like the Central West in general, was shaken by a terrifying earthquake. Had there been cities built of masonry the catastrophe might have assumed almost Sicilian proportions. The scattered backwoodsmen, indeed, suffered little except from panic, but rivers were turned from their courses, hills were swallowed, and habitable fields transformed into morasses. It is startling to say that for a decade or more in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century the centre of light and leading in America was not in any Atlantic city, but in the little town of New Harmony on the Wabash. Here came Robert Owen, accompanied and followed by many of the best scientists, educators, artists, and sociologists of the time. McClure, Le Sueur, Say, Rafinesque, Fanny Wright, and the younger Owens were members of the community, while Audubon, Prince Maximilian, the painter Bodmer, and many a scientific traveller, went and came, finding at New Harmony their most congenial atmosphere. Extravagant though the socialism may have beeen into which the enterprise fell, and of which it finally perished, it is well to have the fact brought out that many of our best and most advanced ideas as to schools, industrial methods, social reforms, and, in general, the higher moral and intellectual life, were for the first time in America voiced and put into practice at New Harmony.

We have read with particular interest Mrs. Levering's portrayal of conditions in Indiana during the civil war. The State, though for the most part devotedly loyal, contained a reactionary element which, in 1863 and 1864, became powerful and dangerous. One reads with bated breath of the struggle in those dark days of Gov. Oliver P. Morton and his supporters against the opposition, bearing in mind what would have happened had the administration failed. The strait was greatest in May and June of 1863, during the despondency after Chancellorsville. The Georgian soldiers, Longstreet and E. P. Alexander, have criticised their great Virginia captain, Lee, because he did not at that time, instead of advancing into Pennsylvania, unite with Bragg in Tennessee and advance swiftly to the Ohio. Scarcely a day's journey from Richmond by a good unthreatened railway lay the troops of Bragg. Leaving a force in Richmond to face the disheartened Federals, Lee, by the middle of May, having combined with Bragg, might have rushed for Cincinnati or Louisville. Grant's hold, just then tightening around Vicksburg, could scarcely have been maintained: with fire and sword so threatening their homes, his Western troops would not have kept to their task. On the Federal side at the moment disaffection at the heart was not less a peril than the foe outside. While Vallandigham was a power in Ohio, Voorhees, as earnest and probably more eloquent and able, was a power in Indiana. Had Lee, after reaching the Ohio, which he might have done with small opposition, pushed with his usual swiftness and force for Lake Erie, thereby sundering the East from the West, crowds of dispirited men in the Central West would have opposed no hindrance, and many would have helped. As one reads Mrs. Levering's account of these gloomy days of the Copperhead majority in the Legislature, disloyal secret societies importing arms and drilling by night, a monotonous tale of humiliation coming in meantime from the Federal armies, one can see that the chance for success just before Vicksburg and Gettysburg had become very narrow. Had Lee's strategy been only a little better, or Grant and Meade only a little less able in the summer of 1863, the "Lost Cause" might have been that of the Union and not the Confederacy.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Cords of Vanity. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

We are prepared for something unusual by the legend upon the flyleaf: "All rights reserved, including that of translation into all foreign languages, including the Scandinavian"; and we close the book, which is—fortunately—a rather unusual work, with a disposition to ponder upon the singular perversity of Scandinavians and others, who need a trespass-warning to keep them from so sterile and malodorous a field. One is reminded of the time-honored characterization of this class of fiction as worse than immoral—dull. This high-attenuation of Don Juan is worse than a rake—a cad. It is strange that a practised writer like Mr. Cabell should have used the first person. This narrative, told by an outsider, would be sufficiently cheap and sickly; when the principal character complacently smirks his way through the recital of his own misdeeds, the effect is revolting. In the Epilogue, for example, Gillian Hardress, a past Incident in the career of young Mr. Townsend—he is only twenty-six, but he began early—in her dying delirium reveals to her husband the whole ugly story of their entanglement. When she recovers her senses at the last, she lies to shield the real culprit. Townsend hears Hardress's story, and lets him go out to kill an innocent man, Townsend's own close friend, while Townsend himself is left in the pleasant sunny garden, languidly debating whether he need tell his fiancée or no. "For it would make her so unhappy; and never in my life have I been able to endure the contact of unhappiness."

The Seven Who Were Hanged. By Leonid Andreyev. Translated from the Russian by Herman Bernstein. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

The chieftainship of Russian letters is an office of precarious tenure. In a country where art bases itself so consistently on the temper and the opinions of the hour it is inevitable that, as temper and theories change, the reputation of the artist should change with them. For some time Andreyev has disputed first place among the younger Russian writers with Gorky. Our translator assures us that Andreyev is more popular now than Gorky or Tolstoy. If that is the fact, it is because Andreyev is so intensely preoccupied with the topics of disease, madness, and death which appeal particularly to a people that has recently passed from a state of high expectations into the relaxation of defeat and discouragement. It must be noted, however, that Andreyev's predilection for the abnormal and the horrible carries with it almost nothing of that delight in physical depravity which is the hall-mark of the naturalistic school. His concern is entirely with psychical processes.

Compared with Gorky's full-blooded people, Andreyev's figures hardly live. They are most often true, but only as the embodiment of true psychological states. He more than suggests Dostoievsky in his choice of subjects; he suggests Turgenieff in the minuteness of his vision. The girl Musya, arrested with four fellow-terrorists while plot-

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ting the death of a Minister, is being tried for her life. The verdict is predetermined. Instead of looking at the judges, she watches a bit of blue sky visible through one of the windows of the gloomy courtroom:

> When the sky had darkened, Musya calmly, without lowering her eyes to the ground, turned them to the corner where a small cobweb was quivering from the imperceptible radiations of the steam heat, and thus she remained until the sentence was pronounced.

Now, this is a method more adapted to the short story than the novel. What Andreyev tries to do in the present book, is to study the separate souls of five men and two women—the five terrorists are reinforced by two common assassins—who are being sentenced to be hanged, who are waiting to be hanged, who are being hanged. There are paragraphs and sentences that are so real as to be a torture; but there are long passages in which the pace is forced. The sense of the inevitable is absent. It is very likely that the thought of death may have affected this man in the manner described; but it would have been equally natural for him to have been affected in a dozen different ways. It is the case of a highly gifted artist drawing up a tentative list of psychological states, and then selecting one as best suited to his purpose. With this proviso, we can not deny Andreyev an exceptional talent for seeing the truth. The last chapter, which describes the midnight summons to execution, the ride in the dark, the mustering of the seven victims for the approach to the gallows, their removal two by two, is excruciating reality and high art in its kind.

Sebastian. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Co.

If in her earlier novels Mrs. Frankan's realism came rather strong upon the palate, making a pretty deliberate appeal to the inquisitive, not to say prurient, mind, she seems now to have taken second thought. "Sebastian" is not in all respects a "pleasant" story, but it is perfectly wholesome. It opens a little ominously, with its novelist-heroine uncongenially married to a plain man. We reflect ruefully that we are once more to have the everlasting "temperament" analyzed, at the expense of all practical virtue and common sense. Once more we shall find ourselves called upon to admire or tenderly condone faults which would be pronounced gross in grosser natures. But nothing of the sort happens. The lady novelist is not a disagreeable idol set up for us to worship, but a rather pathetic figure. She is the daughter of a great English stylist whose memory she adores, and possesses a refined little talent of her own, which has its audience. The plain man whom circumstance has allotted to her loves her devotedly and unselfishly; but he has nothing in common with her, least of all love. She becomes a mother, but remains absorbed in the bookish life, and ignorant of all deep experience. In her son she sees only his grandfather; her ambition for him is a manifestation of personal vanity. But he has also something of his father in him. There is a bond between the two which the mother cannot understand, and of which she is meanly jealous. The action progresses toward her enlightenment. Gradually she learns her lesson, sees what it is she has lightly scorned, and what it is she has childishly pursued. She writes her finest novel, but its remarkable success no longer seems to her the final triumph. She has begun to live.

There are one or two curious locutions in the book, such as: "It struck him, that his mother had stood between him and at what he ought to look."

Irresolute Catherine. By Violet Jacob. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Black Heber" this might properly have been called, for it is the stark figure of a man which rescues the tale from its otherwise rather colorless character as a bit of English rustic *genre.* Catherine is a pale wraith of womanhood, and the three or four other human figures that count in the narrative, while clearly enough cut, are altogether subsidiary to that of the wild shepherd-sectary. The theme is the primeval one: the vying of two men of different character for the favor, or rather for the person, of one woman. The opening scene, with its picture of an open-air baptism in a remote county, is both striking and touching: the luckless Catherine, with so pure an intention, comes so sadly out of it. Sadly, indeed, she comes out of every situation for which her own feeble initiative is in any way responsible. But Black Heber makes a heroine of her by mating her with himself—a very proper hero. The flavor rather than the substance of the tale, gives it unique merit. Indeed, the work as a whole has a restraint, compactness, and finish which mark it for a bit of literary art, as distinguished from the amusing catchpenny fiction of the popular book-mart.

The Russian Army and the Japanese War. By Gen. Kuropatkin. Translated by Capt. A. B. Lindsay and edited by Major E. D. Swinton. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

Of the four volumes into which Gen. Kuropatkin has cast his narrative of the war with Japan, only the last has been drawn upon for the material which is now given to the English reader in an excellent translation by one British officer and under the editorial supervision of another. The first three volumes of the entire series deal in detail with the three great battles of Liao-Yang, the Sha River, and Mukden. In his final volume, Gen. Kuropatkin presents his apologia in the form of a comprehensive investigation into the causes that led to Russia's defeat. Books written by unlucky military commanders for their own vindication make, as a rule, unpleasant reading. They blend denial with recrimination, and after shifting the main responsibility for defeat on their opponents at home, attribute the rest to fortune. Enough has been made known of Gen. Kuropatkin's personality and of his previously expressed views on the Japanese war to prepare the reader for a different sort of defence. The Russian commander-in-chief has more than once admitted that he was unequal to the task imposed upon him. And he strikes the same note of manly frankness in his introduction to the present book, when he writes:

> I have been so intimately connected with the important events in the Far East and have been so largely responsible for the failure of our military operations, that I can hardly hope to take an entirely dispassionate and objective view of the men and matters that I shall deal with in the present work.

But the author of these memoirs is something more than a plain, blunt man, devoid of wit or utterance. The first impression, indeed, is that Kuropatkin was too much of a philosopher and historian to have made a successful general. He begins with a long account of the history of Russian expansion, which at first sight would seem to be going rather far back for an explanation of the war with Japan, but which the writer, in fact, turns very cleverly to his own uses. He shows, and his contention is not far from the truth, that in every war of aggression that Russia has waged since the time of Peter the Great, she has begun hostilities with insufficient troops, with poor equipment, and under mediocre command; that she has been compelled to augment her forces and train her officers and men under fire, and that victory came to her only after years of defeat. In no war that Russia fought between Poltava in 1709 and Port Arthur in 1904, has the fleet been of service to her. The implication is obvious. The war with Japan ran its natural course—for Russia. When the General states, with a seeming interest in statistics as such, that Russia's efforts to reach the Black Sea cost her 750,000 lives out of 3,200,000 men put in the field against Turkey, and that the approach to the Baltic cost her 700,000 lives out of 1,800,000 men employed against Sweden, he creates the presumption that Russia had no reason to expect such important results as a victory over Japan would have brought, at so comparatively small an outlay as the fight-

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ing had cost her when peace was signed in September, 1905. The conclusion of peace was a mistake, however threatening was the internal situation that really forced the Czar's hand. Only after Mukden was the Russian army numerically strong enough to meet the enemy with a fair chance of success. Had the war gone on after Mukden, the outcome would in all probability have been different from what it was.

When we come down to details, Kuropatkin's explanations are more or less familiar. He was opposed to the war. It was brought on by the foolish policy of Witte, whose insistence on building the Siberian railway through Chinese territory was the beginning of the fatal policy of Manchurian adventure. It was hastened by Viceroy Alexeieff, Privy Councillor Bezobrazoff, and the rest of the camarilla that went light-heartedly at the seizure of Manchuria in the belief that Japan would not dare to go to war. Kuropatkin, on the other hand, was so impressed with the possibility of war that he advocated the abandonment of Port Arthur, the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the concentration of Russian interests in northern Manchuria, where Japan would not dare to antagonize them, and would not care. But Alexeieff, in spite of the Czar's repeatedly expressed desire for the maintenance of peace, persisted in his policy of unarmed bluff till the break came.

To the Japanese, Kuropatkin concedes pretty nearly all the virtues claimed for them by their admirers. They had prepared for a long time, and thoroughly; they entered the contest with an intimate knowledge of the terrain the war must be fought on, with full appreciation of the magnitude of the task that confronted them, and with a fanatical devotion that made the common soldier an ideal instrument in the hands of their highly-trained commanders. With the Russians it was all the other way. The men with the colors fought well, but the reserves were poor material as a whole. Many of them had been away from the colors for nearly twenty years, had forgotten their training, and did not even know how to use the new-pattern rifle. They were unsteady under fire, and broke ranks at the least excuse. The commander-in-chief frequently saw a wounded soldier escorted to the rear by ten sound fighting men. Partly responsible for this was the wretched auxiliary organization which forced combatants to do the work that should have been done by the medical corps. The officers showed lack of training and inability to preserve discipline.

But, above all, it was the utter lack of preparation that brought defeat. Russia began the war with a ludicrous conception of the actual and potential strength of the enemy. Kuropatkin admits that he himself, in estimating Japan's war strength, had failed to take into account her splendid facilities for developing her second line of battle; and it was the Japanese reserves who took Port Arthur and struck the decisive blows at Mukden. The General quotes from a report by a Russian military attaché, who was present at the manœuvres of the Japanese army shortly before the war. No less than fourteen capital defects were enumerated by this expert, among them being: a hard and fast, inelastic form of attack independent of local conditions; the absence of proper flank protection; the absence of a definite object in attack; the disbelief in cold steel; the inclination to avoid enclosed and, particularly, hilly ground; the inclination to use direct frontal attacks without turning movements; the tendency to retire too rapidly; the disinclination for night operations. Now, if a military critic were asked to enumerate the technical reasons for Japanese success in the war that followed, he would mention their excellence in precisely those features that the Russian expert found them so deficient in. This specific case symptomatizes Russia's general preparedness for the war.

Thus Kuropatkin illustrates in detail the general principles he lays down at the beginning. Russia should never have engaged in the Manchurian adventure; once engaged, she should have done her best to avoid war; with war unavoidable she should have prepared; forced into war without adequate preparation, she should have held the field till time and training and her immense resources in men turned the scale in her favor. None of these things she did.

Modern Accounting: Its Principles and Some of Its Problems. By Henry Rand Hatfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

Within the limits that he has marked out for himself, Professor Hatfield has produced the best treatise on accounting that has yet appeared in the United States, and it is difficult to find its superior in the English language. It is not a book on technical bookkeeping or auditing. Its pages are not filled with accounting forms, or with detailed instructions as to how to enter this item or that. Such statistical and accounting details as are found within its pages are designed to illustrate the argument, and all reference to the bookkeeping art has been relegated to one brief concluding chapter entitled, Technical Improvements in Accounting Practice.

Neither is this a book on the philosophy of accounts, which would be likely to carry the reader into endless and often fruitless speculation. It strikes a happy mean between the extremes of the theoretical and the practical, and presents what might be called a comparative study of accounting practice rather than any dogmatic scheme of the author's own. It is unusually free from newly invented terminology, and employs, in the main, designations that are current in the best accounting and business procedure.

The book is quite complete in its discussion of the unsettled problems of the science. Both sides of the case are clearly presented, and usually the author's own opinion concludes the discussion. Only occasionally does the dismiss the subject without comment after the evidence is all in. A characteristic feature of the work is the frequent quotation from decisions of English and American courts, from the commercial codes of Germany, France, and Austria, and from the commentaries of leading jurists. In fact, if one general criticism were to be passed upon the treatise as a whole, it would be that the author shows himself a little too ready to accept the best current practice and the decisions of the courts as final, instead of basing his conclusions upon fundamental financial and economic principles. Yet the book is written as a working manual, and this is possibly a sufficient justification of the method employed.

But the impression should not be created that the author always agrees with the courts or with the accountants. For example, in one of his best chapters, that on Depreciation, he comes out flatly in opposition to American court decisions, and demonstrates in a convincing manner that depreciation is properly an expense, and that profits are not correctly stated until an adequate charge against gross earnings has been made to cover wasting assets. This is significant in view of the hostile attitude assumed by the railways toward this identical theory when issued in the form of an order by the accounting division of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Furthermore, he urges accountants to transcend the limits under which courts labor, and says in connection with a discussion of profits:

> For a more perfect rationalization of the legal dicta concerning profits it will probably be necessary to await the day when the growing dignity of the profession of accounting shall cause its principles to permeate the ranks of bench and bar.

As for the accountants, he boldly risks the condemnation of the entire profession by taking the reasonable attitude that there is no objection, in the case of wasting properties, such as mines, to the distribution of the entire earnings in dividends without any reserve for depreciation, provided only there are no creditors to be injured.

But what impresses one most favorably with this book is the high ground it takes with reference to the function

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of accounts, and the duty of the accountant—a constant reiteration in one form or another of the sound principle that the purpose of accounts is to reveal the truth, not to conceal it. This is the author's guiding principle in all the rulings he makes concerning disputed questions of practice. For example, he frowns upon the common practice of charging discount on bonds to construction or capital account; he insists, in the face of weighty accounting and legal authority, that undervaluation of assets, and the establishment thereby of a secret reserve, fall far short of the ideal standard of accounting; that goodwill may properly be included in the inventory only at its cost, and that if it costs nothing, it cannot be included at all; that if stock is paid for in property at an inflated value, the inflation should be clearly shown in the accounts. "Conscious misstatement," he says, "which exists all too often in corporation finance, which indeed has been characteristic of American finance, is an outrage to the principles of accounting."

The book begins with a lucid treatment in two chapters of the principles of double-entry bookkeeping. Then follows a chapter on the balance sheet, out of which grow the succeeding chapters which treat of the individual items of the balance sheet and the problems suggested by them. If any chapters were to be selected for special commendation, they would be those on Depreciation, Profits, and Surplus and Reserves.

The Poetical Works of John Dryden. Cambridge Edition. Edited by George R. Noyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

After Johnson, Malone, Scott, Lowell, Collins, Christie, and Beljame, it should seem that, without the discovery of new material or the possession of extraordinary critical powers, an editor of Dryden can scarcely hope to surpass previous accomplishment except in the matter of bibliographical and textual exactness. Herein, at any rate, lies the importance of the "Cambridge Dryden," which "seeks to justify its existence" by its volume, by its carefully collated text, by its chronological arrangement, and by its reproduction of many of Scott's notes. The basis of the book is a text which has cost years of labor and which deserves unqualified praise. In the case of the Virgil the textual improvements are particularly frequent and significant. The chronological arrangement is an advantage, although it is necessary to remember, in using the book, that the texts are arranged strictly by date of original printing, not by date of the corrected editions which very properly form the basis of the present text.

Scott's notes, although usually omitted when inaccurate, are often quoted (p. 521, l. 20; p. 751, l. 131, etc.), when they are in nowise distinctive. To many these notes will be most valuable when (as on p. 392, l. 417) they tell most about Scott. His inaccuracies, it may be remarked, have not always been so discreetly dealt with; for instance, Ker ("Essays of John Dryden," 1900, II, 244, l. 27) relies upon one of Scott's notes, which, in three lines, contains three outrageous blunders. The editor's own notes reveal an admirably thorough and even knowledge of various sources of illustration. Perhaps they are a trifle less full than usual in their explanations from contemporary events, and rather more helpful when they deal with Dryden's classical allusions and French sources. The classical allusions, indeed, are over-explained: the reader for whom it is necessary to translate "impar pugna" or "pondere, non numero," or to explain that "the Stagirite" is Aristotle, or that Leander is "the lover of Hero, drowned in swimming the Hellespont," will hardly be able to master the frequent quotations from French critics of the seventeenth century, upon whom, as might be expected from one of his earlier studies, Professor Noyes draws liberally. Most of the notes, however, are judicious as well as learned, and many are really contributory.

The bibliographical notes are admirably careful. For instance, upon a certain passage in the preface to the "Fables," Ker (II, 261, l. 21) has the note:

> James Drake wrote an answer to Collier. "The Ancient and Modern Stages Reviewed, or Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage set in a True Light," 1699.

Professor Noyes's note reads:

> Dr. James Drake wrote in answer to Collier a work called "The Antient and Modern Stages Survey'd; or, Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage set in a true light," published anonymously in 1699.

In seven points, two of them striking, Professor Noyes's quotation of this title is different from Professor Ker's; and in every instance the former is correct. The case is typical of the chief strength of the "Cambridge Dryden"—its enormous accumulation of minute improvements upon previous editions.

The Valley of Shadows: Recollections of the Lincoln Country, 1858-1863. By Francis Grierson. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The author of this fascinating book of reminiscence, known to English readers by his volumes of essays entitled "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament," and to music-lovers of a former generation by his extraordinary singing and piano-playing in Paris and other European capitals, was born in England in 1848. When less than a year old, his father, a brother of Gen. B. H. Grierson, the noted Union cavalry officer, emigrated to America, and settled on the Illinois frontier; and there the boy, delicately sensitive and keenly observant, grew to manhood. What affected him most was not the material development of the country or its growth in population and wealth, but the spiritual and even mystical significance of the life there led. With a literary charm curiously suggestive of Charles Egbert Craddock and James Lane Allen, he describes for us the restless solitude and vastness of the prairies, its tall grass billowing like the sea; the hard, lonely lives of the settlers, buoyed up by neighborly kindnesses and a firm religious faith; the gloomy forebodings occasioned by the appearance of a comet; the preaching of the unlearned circuit rider and the emotional outbursts of the campmeeting; and the thrilling experiences of the men and women who, in the fear of God, aided the escape of fugitive slaves. No one who reads his pages will soon forget the figures of the author's mother, reading her prayer-book as the slave-hunters approach the cabin door; or of Kezia Jordan, the sweet singer; or of Zack Caverly, nicknamed "Socrates"; or of Elihu Gest, the "Load-Bearer"; while the account of the Lincoln-Douglas debate is a piece of description as valuable as it is altogether admirable.

Unfortunately, our measure of praise must be lessened by the fact that the book, as a whole, does not hang well together. The thread of incident running through the first two-thirds of the volume gives it somewhat the character of a novel, drawing the reader eagerly on to see how it is to turn out; then the story abruptly ends, and the remaining chapters deal for the most part with matters having but slight connection with what has gone before. The three chapters given to Fremont and his experiences, though interesting in themselves, have nothing to do with the rest of the book; and the same must be said of the chapter on Gen. Grierson and his raid. It is matter of sincere regret that a work which makes, in large part, so welcome an addition to autobiographical literature should not have been more consistently carried out.

Science.

The Interpretation of Radium. By Frederick Soddy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The discovery of radium, with its extraordinary property of giving off energy spontaneously, following closely on the discovery of the Roentgen ray and other forms of radiation, has aroused

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such a keen interest among the general public, that books on these subjects are eagerly welcomed. To find a parallel, we should probably have to go back to the early part of the last century, when the properties of current electricity were discovered, and wide-spread interest in them was soon awakened. The influence on civilization of the harnessing of the electric forces leads us to wonder whether this radiant energy may not, in turn, exert a profound effect on future conditions of life.

Books on the marvels of science are common enough, for the most part written by persons of unbounded imagination and small knowledge, who turn speculation into fact and hypothesis into theory. But this one is not of that sort. Mr. Soddy was for years associated with Prof. Ernest Rutherford in his important experiments, and with him elaborated the generally received theory of radio-activity. He has recently gone to the University of Glasgow, and now publishes the substance of a series of six popular lectures given there. Although the matter has been worked over and expanded, it still bears the impress of the lecture-room, and in consequence suffers somewhat when read in book form. Still the story of the discovery of the radio-active substances, of the rapid development of both our experimental and theoretical knowledge of the subject, with its momentous possibility of the transmutation of the elements and the existence of atomic energy, is well told. Indeed, the account is in such clear and simple terms that any educated person should be able to learn what has so far been done.

While approval should be given to this first and most important part of the book, not so much can be said of the latter portion where the broader relations of radio-activity to life and character are discussed. It is perhaps unavoidable that one, so immersed in a new and fascinating study, should feel that its possibilities are unlimited, but it is to be regretted when vague hopes are allowed to extend beyond the private study. Darwin has set us such an example of restraint in this matter, that we have little patience with those who give loose rein to wild speculations. And when we remember that Darwin's theory of natural selection has, for the most part, proved inadequate, while his doctrine of evolution has stood the test, we can have little doubt that the same fate is in store for the present theory of radio-activity, which supposes a regular and orderly explosion of the atoms of the elements. What if some atoms do explode with tremendous energy, does it follow that we shall be able to make them do so at our pleasure? Or when we have accomplished this, will the struggle for existence come to an end, as Mr. Soddy seems to believe? Such knowledge, leading "to physical power and dominion over nature," has, on the contrary, in the past, rather sharpened the struggle.

It is with a sensation of the gravest misgiving that we follow the writer, a man who has achieved distinction in the mastery of a difficult subject, when he suggests that the myths and legends of our unsophisticated ancestors are the traditions carried down to them from enormously more remote progenitors, who lived in a state of transcendant happiness and power due to a profound knowledge of radio-activity and the ability to explode atoms. "The mystic symbol of matter, known as Ouroboros —the tail devourer," the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, existence in the "Garden of Eden," may mean all this, and the "Fall of Man from the Garden of Eden" may symbolize what we quote:

> Possibly they [our happy demiurgic progenitors] could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favorable worlds as the superfluous to-day emigrate to more favorable continents. One can see also that such dominance may well have been short-lived. By a single mistake, the relative positions of Nature and man as servant and master would, as now, become reversed, but with infinitely more disastrous consequences, so that even the whole world might be plunged back again under the undisputed sway of Nature, to begin once more its upward toilsome journey through the ages. The legend of the Fall of Man possibly may indeed be the story of such a past calamity.

A knowledge of radio-activity and the atom is apparently a very dangerous thing.

It is a pity that a book that is in other respects so good, should be marred by such crudities. Nor should we have dwelt so much on them, if there were not the urgent need of emphasizing the supreme importance of sobriety of thought in matters of science. An intelligent man can discount the statements of the made-for-sale books on the wonders of nature, but Mr. Soddy's work bears the stamp of the trained scientific thinker, and he should not permit himself to set so pernicious an example.

Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. By Frederick William Stack. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.

In this attractive little volume there is condensed a large amount of information concerning the more common plants about which children are likely to ask questions. Here are the answers. The descriptions are accurate as well as readable, the nomenclature is free from caprice, and the illustrations are excellent. The general classification is based on color, like that of more than one popular treatise, and therefore makes a bid for all those who care to move in lines of least resistance. Having decided on the color of the open blossom, one turns to a group of species generally having this color, and then a desultory search begins. It is just at this point that a good many would find a series of simple keys helpful, because the grouping under color is not always free from confusion.

It seems to us a pity that some bold spirit does not go back to the most satisfactory artificial system yet devised, and allow the seeker to count stamens and stigmas, just as his grandfather did, and just as the amateur botanist in Germany or Switzerland can do to-day with his local botany. There seems to be on all hands a fear lest the restoration of the Linnæan system, as an aid, should be regarded as an unpardonable lapse into errors of the past. But we can say to those who dread this reproach, that Garcke and a host of others in Europe are good company in error, if indeed it be error. It may be necessary to state to all who will regard our suggestion as heretical, that in most of the local and general floras on the Linnæan plan there is also a good presentation of the natural system.

The volume which we now have before us was written by one who has studied his plants largely in the field. The descriptions are vivid and clear, and, so far as we have seen, are free from unnecessary prolixity and repetition. Here and there the author has used language which seems to us a trifle too strong, as, for instance, on page 268, in his account of poison ivy:

> Nearly every one is familiar with the unpleasant effects produced by contact with this treacherous and exceedingly poisonous vine, which has undoubtedly caused more harm to mankind than all other plants together.

One suspects that the writer of these lines must have been suffering from incautious handling of poison ivy at the time. Furthermore, some of the definitions would bear recasting: thus, bract is "a small modified leaf at the base of or upon the flower-stem" (p. 393), whereas the bract of Skunk-cabbage or of Jack-in-the-pulpit may fairly be called pretty large. Again, the definition of stigma carries with it a decided ambiguity—"The tip or side of a pistil, through which the pollen is received, by means of tiny tubes which penetrate the style and convey the minute grains to fertilize the seeds within the ovary." The sentence might well be reconstructed, especially the last clause.

But it is hardly right to call attention to the few blemishes in so good and useful a book. It is filled with interesting folklore and old-fashioned herbal hints. The reader will probably be surprised to learn how many of our common plants could be used as domestic remedies, especially in view of the fact that so very few of them are so used. Those to whom the author's medical hints will

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come as a surprise, will be grateful that they have escaped so much in the disuse of the herbs.

According to the thirteenth annual report of the New York Zoölogical Society (1908) the society is in a flourishing condition, and is extending its operations in many new directions. The membership now numbers 1,673, and a new class of Fellows has been established to include members who are working zoölogists. The elephant house and the administration building are the latest additions to the Zoölogical Park, while a zebra house and eagles' aviary are planned for the near future. The total number of animals on exhibition exceeds that of any other zoölogical institution, there being 682 mammals, 2,615 birds, and 1,282 reptiles, a total of 4,579 living specimens. In the preservation of wild animals the officers of the society have been instrumental in establishing the reservations for bison in the West, which will probably result in the rescue of these splendid animals from extinction. The society is just entering upon its third field of work, that of zoölogical research. Among the notable results have been those from the experiments in the effect of the environment upon the plumage of birds carried on by C. William Beebe. Other lines of research are at present in full progress. A remarkable item in the report of the director of the aquarium is the attendance for 1908, which was 2,536,147. The national collection of heads and horns has received many valuable accessions, and will find a permanent home in the new administration building. The report of the veterinary shows that the death-rate among the larger animals has been very low. Pneumonia was the cause of death in twenty cases; gastro-enteritis in 15; 10 were killed by cage-mates, 9 died from tuberculosis, 8 from distemper, and 6 from rickets.

The salient feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for May is the "Call of the West," a description of the work done by the government in reclaiming our arid lands through artificial irrigation. It is a wonderful story of progress and achievement which C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the Reclamation Service, tells, the emphasis being laid not so much on the rich crops raised as upon the development of an ideal condition of rural life and upon the fine types of men and women in these new Western homes. The article is profusely illustrated, as is the account by G. Shiras 3rd, of Frank M. Chapman's "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist." Announcement is made that the National Geographic Society intends to prosecute geographical exploration and research, and also to award medals, society and special, for meritorious geographic work.

The death is announced of Bartholomäus von Carneri, author and critic, in his eighty-eighth year. He was a faithful follower of Darwin. Among his works are: "Moderne Faustrechte," "Demokratie, Nationalität, und Napoleonismus," "Sittlichkeit und Darwinismus," "Gefühl, Bewusstsein, Wille," and "Entwicklung und Glückseligkeit."

From Berlin the death is reported, at the age of sixty-five, of Wilhelm Engelmann, professor of physiology in the University. He wrote largely on the subject of muscular and nervous anatomy.

Drama.

Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., $1.50 net.

It is not only as a comprehensive review of Shakespearian criticism in English—a review rapid enough to show the configuration of the whole country without being so cursory as to blur its features—that Prof. Johnson's book is interesting. It is interesting also as a kind of review of English criticism and literary taste in general; for Shakespeare is after all a good deal of a critical touchstone, and in trying him criticism also tries itself.

As a matter of fact, the net result of such a development would seem from Prof. Johnson's survey to consist in a settled disposition to regard the characters of Shakespeare as independent realities in themselves, and to judge them by an application of the standards and criteria of actual life—in a word, to consider them as historic rather than artistic creatures. Such a consummation may not be an unmixed gain. Dramatically, remarks like the following would seem in one sense to be as much the result of a mental confusion as the scholastic objection to the authenticity of the Iliad because Helen calls the roll of the Greeks in the tenth year of the war:

> But Iago is shown plucking the gull Roderigo in a manner which evinces long practice. How is it possible that he can have robbed his victim for years without the knowledge of his fellow soldiers? Such a man soon earns his reputation, yet Iago is called "honest" by all. Again, how is it possible that Iago's malevolence was not called out till he was disappointed in his promotion?

But whether irrelevant or not, this is the sort of question that has come more and more to be put to Shakespeare in one form or another. It is thoroughly characteristic of Dr. Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy," which Professor Johnson esteems "the most notable piece of literary criticism that has appeared since the day of Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt." In short, there can be no doubt that the present position of criticism is fairly represented by the author's statement that "Shakespeare's characters are so much like natural products that a certain amount of scientific realism is necessary to their interpretation."

But while this, or something like it, is the upshot of his survey, his volume, though hardly pretending to be more than an outline of other people's opinions, is not without significance of its own. Shakespeare, no doubt, is a subject to kindle at moments even the dullest commentators. But unfortunately he is as heady as he is inspiring. And it is not the least of Prof. Johnson's merits that he should hold the balance of good sense so true, and should apply to each critic so justly his proper corrective. Nor, on the other hand, is there wanting a certain amount of independent criticism, though in accordance with the plan of the book it is necessarily incidental and scattered. Exceptionally consecutive and suggestive, however, is his comment on Hamlet, evidently a favorite subject. And although it is a little difficult to agree with his view that Hamlet at thirty "is a man paralyzed by elemental shame" of woman's frailty; it is impossible to dissent from his thoroughly sane conclusion that Hamlet's "mystery" is his own originality, and has only a speculative or analytic, not an artistic, reality, disappearing very largely in acting or in appreciative reading. "It is impossible to predict how a man of high intellectual qualities and a specially developed emotional nature will act in circumstances that try his soul. When he does act, it is impossible to explain why he did what he did. He did it because he was himself."

The weakest part of the volume is the treatment of eighteenth-century criticism, for whose ideals Professor Johnson has so little sympathy that he misses even the kernel of truth that was in it. Indeed he does the French or classic point of view rather meagre justice. In his sketch of Shakespeare's foreign critics—which is rather incidental to the main issue, to be sure—he dismisses the French, who in the person of men like Stapfer have deserved none so ill of us, in a manner which is hardly less than contemptuous in comparison with his treatment of the Germans. Within his proper English limits, however, his account, without being exhaustive, is thoroughly representative. And while such household names as Rolfe and Hudson are omitted from the roll of living commentators, it is presumably for the reason that they have declined to see Shakespeare steadily and see him whole.

There was practically a new play at the Empire Theatre in this city Monday night, when Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore interpreted "The Mollusc" with the atmosphere and characterization that made Mr. Davies's comedy such a success in London. The performance was at once a vindication of the author, a demonstration, by comparison, of the value of finished acting and a striking condemnation of that managerial obtuseness that gave this city an "olio" in place of a work of art. The comedy has already been seen here in the rough, and no story of its action is necessary. In many aspects it is a gem. In the first place, there are only four characters and one stage setting, a feat of

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dramatic construction almost as rare from the author's point of view as it must be precious to the box-office. With this limited field of energy there are no dull moments, no merely theatrical sensations. The action runs along with the utmost simplicity, culminating in a delightfully natural manner at the close of each of the three acts, and the last act is as entertaining as the preceding two. The whole leaves an impression as wholesome and refreshing as the English country garden in which the retired Colorado rancher loved to walk at sunrise—with the charming governess, of course. It was a treat to hear pure English spoken with trained diction by melodious voices. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore seemed to have discovered at least the signposts to Elysian Fields where heroes laugh at age. For, welcomed as Sir Charles was on bespangled Broadway with a crowded house and multiplied calls, it must not be forgotten that here is a player who was at the front in days of long ago, when there were men of stature on the boards who had traditions to maintain. The simplicity of his acting and the absence of apparent effort were a lesson much needed to-day. He was modestly impersonal in his little speech at the end of the second act. Miss Mary Moore proved a revelation that made many rub their eyes and ask if they could be mistaken in recalling her as the demure comédienne of the old Criterion Theatre more than twenty years ago. As an actress she has matured in her art. It was a charming revelation. The other players were Sam Sothern as the husband, and Miss Lillias Waldegrave as the governess, both of the London company. Mr. Sothern's performance is notable for what he refrains from doing that could so easily be done with disastrous effect by a more self-conscious or less experienced player. Miss Waldegrave is a tall, typical English girl, with a pleasant voice and a sincere method of portrayal.

The withdrawal of "The Narrow Path" from the boards of the Hackett Theatre, in this city, is not in itself a matter of much importance. The piece was too dull and silly to be very mischievous, and must, in any case, have fallen into quick oblivion. But the attitude of the owner of the house is especially welcome as an indication of returning managerial common sense. He demanded the removal of the play on the ground that it was a nuisance which would damage his property. This is a point on which the *Nation* has often insisted. When other theatre-owners and directors fully realize that temporary gains derived from concessions to the coarser appetites of the vulgar will not compensate for the permanent alienation of the great body of decent supporters of the theatre, the purification of the stage will be effected promptly. In matters of this kind the pocket is likely to be more sensitive than the conscience. The argument advanced against "The Narrow Path" applies with equal validity to several other realistic pieces of the current season. These may be making money now, but they will not prove profitable in the long run, as their promoters will discover when the reaction that inevitably follows after an intellectual and moral debauch once sets in.

Eugène Lintilhac continues his history of the theatre in France by a fourth volume on comedy in the eighteenth century (Flammarion). This author is a member of the French Senate.

Music.

MUSICIANS AND MANAGERS.

The death last week of Henry Wolfsohn removes from the musical community of New York one of its most interesting and influential figures. The founder, some twenty-five years ago, of the first musical bureau to be established in this city after the model of foreign agencies, he had become so powerful as fairly to dominate, in the eyes of many persons, the concert field, not only in New York, but in the country. To say that almost all programmes of first-class concerts bore his name or were made up through his agency, would be an exaggeration. But the list of "stars" whom he managed, at one time or another, contains the bulk of the names most familiar to the concert-going public. Hundreds of music-lovers who never saw him have drawn from his bureau the artists who entertained their guests. Fritz Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Louise Homer, and Corinne Rider-Kelsey are a few of those who have made money through and for Mr. Wolfsohn. And, if rumor is correct, he reaped a wonderfully rich reward for his industry and ability.

Not that Mr. Wolfsohn was popular with the artists who came to him. Many would have preferred to give him a wide berth, and hated to pay his commissions. These were often superimposed upon those claimed by the German or English agent who had originally lured the musician into his net, so that even a well-established artist might have to pay out 40 per cent. or more of his earnings before receiving anything himself. But as Mr. Wolfsohn's influence grew it became more and more necessary for young and struggling artists to turn to him. What position is there more trying than that of a young musician who arrives in New York without much Continental fame and without having been heralded by skilful advance agents? We have in mind one who had made for herself an excellent place in Berlin. Arriving here practically friendless, so far as persons having large influence were concerned, she turned at once to Wolfsohn. He demanded $5,000 to launch her properly. As this was far beyond what remained of the sum she had left over after her education, she took the next steamer back to Germany—a land not without its music bureaus, but far more friendly to budding genius.

Indeed, in Berlin, advance advertising of a new prodigy seems to hurt the performer about to make his début. The critics resent being told in advance about his artistic ability; they are there to judge for themselves. So the advertisements of first appearances are merely brief notices. Later on, there may be greater publicity, but even then Germans have not reached the stage of advertising musical talent, as one does soap, or patent oats, or the newest automobile. That, said one of Mr. Wolfsohn's rivals recently, is the way to make sure of success—"It all depends on how much money you want to spend in advertising." But these advertising charges sometimes cover a multitude of sins. There have been cases where the entire sum has been wasted, or even pocketed, by the agent. Another trick of the dishonest manager is to tell the artist—when properly reduced to despair by a fruitless search for engagements—that if he pays, let us say, $150, he may appear with some soloist of established repute. The victim sometimes discovers that the $150 never reached the brother-performer, but stuck to the agent's fingers. Again, if a society in Waukesha engages an oratorio singer through a bureau, it has no means of knowing whether the $400 check it sends for a well-known soprano reaches the performer intact, or whether the agent turns over only a half.

It is this sort of experience which has led one violinist of international renown to fix his price at $150 an appearance and to insist upon its being paid to him entire. Whether his manager makes $200 on the side by a higher charge to the orchestra, does not interest him. He feels that $150 is reward enough, and does not care if the manager, and, as occasionally happens, the music committee or leader of the saengerfest gets a rake-off as well. For orchestras, too, even the longest established, have frequently drawn their soloists from Wolfsohn—to the despair of young performers who would not or could not meet Wolfsohn's terms, and of others who had no European experience to interest managers in their careers.

What, then, is the remedy? Mr. Wolfsohn's bureau is sure to go on as did its famous pattern, the Wolf agency in Berlin, after the death of its founder; and there will always be struggling artists without the common-sense, or means, or ability, or reputation, to manage themselves. No better way of bringing artists and public together has been suggested. A change for the better can only come through the raising of the tone of all the agencies and the checking of the too-powerful by able competition. There is now an effective remedy for the artist-employing class: make sure that your check for the fee agreed on reaches the artist, even when you hear of him through an agency, and, wherever possible, deal directly with the musician himself.

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A notable movement to encourage the production of new opera is just announced in Germany, whereby every three years two prizes of 10,000 marks each and two prizes of 2,500 marks each will be given for the best works by "Young Germans." The contestants will be allowed to offer almost any kind of a musical composition known as operatic, but each piece must be at least an hour long. All compositions offered will be passed upon by two successive committees of eminent musicians in Germany, among whom is Richard Strauss, and the two first operas to receive the chief prizes will be produced in the Hamburg Theatre, in November, 1910, and in January, 1911.

Art.

"FAIR WOMEN" IN PARIS.

LONDON, May 29.

It may be because ours is the Age of Woman, as Édouard Rod makes one of his people say, but certainly it is only necessary to fill a gallery with the portraits of women to draw the crowd. Artists complain of hard times, many exhibitions scarcely pay their way, but the International Society in London has found it worth its while to give a show of "Fair Women" two winters running, and this spring in Paris two exhibitions of the kind, following others in previous years, are open at the same moment, both well attended though the price of admission is double that usually asked elsewhere.

However, in France, where there is some sense of order and logic, it is not quite enough to get together any chance collection of portraits of women —some reason must be found for it. At the Exposition de Cent Portraits de Femmes in the Salle du Jeu de Paume in the Garden of the Tuileries, all the portraits are of the eighteenth century, fifty by French painters, and fifty by English, so that a comparison may be made. At Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, the exhibition is of Portraits de Femmes Sous les Trois Républiques, and the result is that, in both cases, the collection has historic as well as artistic interest.

The exhibition in the Garden of the Tuileries is in every way the more interesting of the two. The period covered is, as a whole, finer, more care seems to have been taken in the selection of examples and in their arrangement, and the comparison between the French and English work is delightfully suggestive. It would be still more suggestive if the English pictures all reached the same level of excellence. I have heard it said that the recent exhibition of English pictures of the same date at Berlin, has discouraged some owners from parting with their treasures so soon again. But, however that may be, I have often seen a more splendid series at the Winter Exhibition of old masters in the Royal Academy, and even once in Paris in 1900. The principal British portrait-painters are all represented—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, down to Lawrence and Raeburn. The portraits are frequently of people famous in their day—Peg Woffington, by Hogarth; Nelly O'Brien, Kitty Fisher, Maria Walpole (Countess Waldegrave), by Reynolds; royalty by Gainsborough; Lady Hamilton, by Romney; Countess Waldegrave again, by Hoppner. But the work is not always the artist's best, nor does the distinction or fame of the sitter always seem to have been a consideration.

There are five examples of Hogarth, with whom the series begins chronologically, but not one to rival the portrait of himself in the National Portrait Gallery, or the group of David Garrick and his wife at Windsor Castle, or the wonderful Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery; and only one that gives some idea of his insight into character and his power of rendering it. This is his Sarah Malcolm the murderess, a middle-aged woman, as he shows her, highly respectable in neat cap and quiet grays, with a face so placid in its hard cruelty that her crime seems all the more revolting. His Peg Woffington has less character, but a charm and a delicacy in the detail of lace and flower that are not usually associated with Hogarth, who, however, is so little known on the Continent that when he is represented there at all it should be at his strongest. It is the same with Reynolds. There is no painting by him that can rank with his masterpieces. But Reynolds is better known on the Continent than Hogarth, his six or seven portraits are more representative, and the subjects and methods alike would explain to those who had never seen his work before that he was the fashionable portrait painter of his day. They are representative, also, unfortunately, of his very defects, for in two or three, especially the Kitty Fisher, the color has faded until they are mere ghosts of their old rich beauty. Gainsborough was not apt to distinguish himself when he painted royalty, and two of his portraits here are of Queen Charlotte, less inspiring as sitter even than most royalties of her generation. Nor, with one exception, could his other portraits—seven in all—of themselves account for the greatness of his reputation. This exception, however, is a splendid Gainsborough—the half-length Anne, Duchess of Cumberland; the face full of charm and character, and the rose and white of the delicate bodice given with rare skill and subtlety, a piece of color that Nattier and Drouais could never have approached.

Romney, probably, was the most uncertain of painters, and nothing in the present collection would suggest that he could, at times, rise to the heights of his fine Mrs. Cawardine and Child. That he had a fancy for sentimental prettiness is seen well enough in the two familiar Lady Hamiltons, one as Euphrosyne, the other at prayer; in both, the sweetness is overdone, but in both at least a semblance of realism that makes them vigorous in comparison with the dull, wooden portrait of the same beauty, as Sybil, by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

Hoppner has recently enjoyed a success in the auction room that his work rarely justifies, certainly not as it is seen in the five portraits selected for Paris. The four by Lawrence fail no less to maintain his fame and popularity. The one British painter who triumphs, not only by his reputation at home, but by the work now shown, is Raeburn, though even at home he is only beginning to be honored as he should. He had his lapses; he, like the rest, painted an incredible number of portraits, and in some he is almost as feeble as Romney at his feeblest. But when Raeburn forgot the conventions of the day and painted people as he saw them, it is another matter; and not Reynolds, not Gainsborough, ever attained the mastery of character and technical skill of the Scotch painter who was "the pupil of Nature," as R. A. M. Stevenson described him, and who, as Louis Stevenson wrote, "looked people shrewdly between their eyes." As it happens, two of his finest portraits are here: his Mrs. James Campbell, the ugly, humorous, shrewd old woman, in the uncompromising cap and fichu and little shawl then in fashion, and his Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, young and radiant in her beauty, with no need of a theatrical rôle, or a sentimental pose, to enhance it. The "most amazing" and "the loveliest" of his portraits these two have been pronounced, and in their truth and directness they stand out and seem to live in the midst of the portraits, both French and British, in which so often life disappears in the conventions of the time.

To pass from the room where all these pictures hang into the next, where the French collection is arranged, is to be struck with a contrast as vivid and complete as when one lands in Calais after crossing the channel from Dover. The French group is as representative: Boucher, Greuze, and Fragonard, Nattier, Largillière, Drouais, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and a few others of lesser note. The portraits often gain as much in interest from the women who sat for them. Here, the points of resemblance between the two collections come to an end. After the British portraits, the French seem at once more formal and more vivacious. The British painters

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had their own conventions, inherited, through Kneller and Lely, from Van Dyck; many, with Reynolds, made no secret of their debt to the Italian masters; each brought some chance picturesqueness of his own. As a consequence there is in the British art of their day much the same variety, bordering on disorder, that you find in British architecture or almost all British design. The French carried out their conventions more strictly, more academically. Their painting is as correct in its classicism as their poetry, and it must be admitted that in this order there is, at times, a tendency to monotony, even frigidity. The sentiment of Greuze, in the Jeune Veuve or Jeune Fille en Vestale, for instance, has an almost classic dignity, so unerring is the knowledge that produced it, when compared to the sentiment, born of the emotion of the moment, in any one of Romney's Lady Hamiltons. The animation in the pose and gesture of Largillière's flamboyant ladies seems to belong less to the individuals than to the period, to be as much the outcome of the style in vogue as were the palaces and gardens and theatres where these ladies practised their arts. The flowers that Nattier's sitters hold and twine into garlands never soiled their slim hands in the picking, for they were of studio growth, to be used again and again, actually the same blossoms appearing and re-appearing, as the same hands appear and reappear in one portrait after another by Van Dyck. Drouais's ladies, in their grace and elaborate artlessness, are no less ruled by formula. Indeed, of all the fifty French portraits, only one has an air of realism, as if nature had been served, not dominated, by convention, and this is a very beautiful Jeune Fille Lisant by Fragonard: a half-length of a girl, seated, holding a book in her hands and leaning back against cushions, the face, pose, and color scheme full of character that belongs to the young girl herself, and not to an entire series.

And yet, all these pictures hung together are much more vivacious in effect than the British. They reflect the vivacity, the intellect, the wit, the elegance of the age in which they were painted, and are, therefore, so much truer to it than portraits where conventions are accepted but less rigidly enforced that they make the simplest work of the British painter seem artificial, and his most conscientious rendering of the sitter before him become dull and lifeless. No one portrait stands out with the force of Raeburn's Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, but the level of accomplishment is higher and more evenly maintained. In the French series the beauty is as much a matter of deliberate design as the architectural stateliness of Paris; in the British series, it is as much a matter of chance as the atmospheric picturesqueness of London.

A few drawings have been placed in a smaller room, and here, too, I found the same suggestive contrast.

At Bagatelle, the idea of the exhibition is more interesting than the exhibition itself. Certainly, I have come from it with nothing very definite added to my knowledge of, or interest in, the women of any one of the three Republics. This is not wholly because the expressiveness and elegance of the French convention weakened with the first inroads of Republicanism. Neither is it because women of as much note do not figure here as among the hundred portraits of the Salle du Jeu de Paume. But the trouble is that the portraits are not as representative and distinguished as they might be, and there are far too few to do justice to the First Republic. The Second and Third cover, between them, a vaster space of time, I know, but for this very reason not one portrait which is not specially typical of it should have been included. As it is, I can only suppose the collection was made in haste, so little attention has apparently been paid to this first essential.

However, the pictures at Bagatelle are a secondary consideration, an excuse for a visit to one of the most enchanting spots in the Bois, with its terraces and gardens all abloom in May, its wide vistas and shady walks, and the many associations that make it the place of all others for a show of the portraits of women.

N. N.

The advantage of a "one-man" show is that the artist can exhibit work done to please himself which, even if accepted, might be swamped in the large exhibitions of work done to attract the public. Certainly, it is in the quiet of M. Durand-Ruel's galleries, Rue Lafitte, Paris, that Monet's astonishing studies of water lilies can best be seen and enjoyed. There is no other painter to-day, probably, who would attempt such a series, and, if he did, could obtain such extraordinary results. As in Monet's paintings of Haystacks and of Rouen Cathedral, the object is to render the passing effects of light and atmosphere; but a new problem has been added, for Monet, in his later work, has watched and noted these effects in the reflections thrown by sun and cloud and foliage in the water of a little pool or stream. There are forty-eight paintings in the series, and they are fairly large. In almost all he shows merely the surface of the water with the lilies afloat upon it, so that it is only by the reflections you know whether the pool is wide or narrow, shaded or open to the sun; whether the sky is clear or clouded; whether it is midday, afternoon, or evening. Occasionally he gives also a portion of the wooded banks, but it is then scarcely more than a suggestion. The truth of these studies is not more remarkable than the beauty of the color he gets in many of them—lovely arrangements of pale blue and silver, of roses, or sometimes of more vivid golds and scarlets, of strong greens and grays. As in much of his later work, there is no design, no composition. Lilies float, clouds and trees are reflected, without any great rhythm of line. But it is needless to criticise him for not doing what he never set out to do. His object was to transfer certain of nature's most subtle effects to his canvas, and in this he has succeeded triumphantly, for, within his limits, Monet has no rival.

A new museum, the "Storico-Topografico," illustrating the changes which the appearance of Florence has undergone during the centuries, has been opened in the House of Michael Angelo. It fills eleven rooms hitherto closed to the public. The earliest known view of the city is reproduced from a fresco in the Bigallo, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century. Another very early panorama shows the ancient façade of the Pitti-palace without the wings, attributed by Brockhaus to the *bottega* of Francesco Rosselli, now preserved in Berlin, while another is from Schedel's "Cronica," published in Nuremberg in 1493. A series of water-colors of the ancient gates and walls by Antonio Bargioni has been permanently lent by the Laurentian library. There is also a view of the chapter houses in the piazza of the Duomo, in which the famous sarcophagi of Guido Cavalcanti, now in the court of the Riccardi palace, are represented in their original places. But the scope and varied interest of this collection are better indicated by its classification. Different rooms are devoted to plans, maps, and panoramas; walls and gates; the Arno and its bridges; piazzas and loggias; public buildings, palaces, towers, and streets; the Mercato Vecchio; churches and shrines; festivals and ceremonies; suburbs and gardens. Nor is the collection lacking in artistic interest. There are, for instance, such characteristic original designs as the interior of Santo Spirito, by Gerolamo Genga, before the baldacchino was erected in the choir. Joseph Pennell's hand appears in two pen-and-ink drawings, and one charcoal. Corrado Ricci, to whom the museum owes its inception, justly claims that the collection is necessary for understanding the history of the city, helpful in the restoration of buildings altered during the centuries, and of interest to every author or artist who wishes to recall the past. The excellent descriptive catalogue containing over 1,300 entries, an index of subjects, and one of artists, is in itself a work of value.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, in a lecture at University College, London, May 20, gave an interesting account of his work at Memphis and Thebes during the past season. The chief discovery at Memphis was the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible—who was contemporary with Jeremiah. This palace was of impressive scale, about 400 feet long and half as wide. The middle court was over 100 feet square, with painted stone columns over forty feet high. A still larger court extended on the north side, in which lie capitals of columns which must have been about fifty feet high. The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings, to a platform at a height of about sixty feet above the plain. The roofing of the halls was by cedar beams. Pieces of these were found, one of them with an inscription carved on it.

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Among the ruins were also discovered a large number of scales and plates of iron and bronze, which originally belonged to scale armor. The scales are sometimes quite thin, under half an inch long, sometimes stout ribbed plates two inches long. Some good bronze figures of gods and sacred animals were also unearthed. But what gives an idea of the magnificence of the palace is a fitting of a palanquin, of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of the goddess Hathor. The workmanship is of great beauty, though it served merely as an attachment for a strap to a wooden beam. It was found buried in a hole in the floor of a hall used for a workshop. As this is a unique specimen it will remain in the Cairo Museum. In several places traces of still older buildings than the Apries palace were brought to light, such as the ruins of a large gateway of the Twelfth Dynasty. This was twenty feet high, and the greater part of six scenes which decorated it can still be put together. The sculpture is in low relief of much delicacy. The temple of King Proteus, Merenptah, which was discovered last year, has been partly cleared. It appears that, according to his usual habit, the King took his building materials from older works. Thus the capitals of columns found here are apparently of the Fifth Dynasty, like those seen in reliefs of that period.

Before Memphis was dry enough to work, two months were spent at Thebes, where the ruins on top of the mountain were explored. They were found to be a chapel for the apotheosis of King Sankh-ka-ra, of the Eleventh Dynasty; it contained the pieces of the cenotaph and the Osiris statue of the King. Two of the desert valleys were exhaustively searched for concealed burials, and one untouched group was found. The coffin was covered only by about a foot of earth and stones. Around it were offerings of furniture, food, vases, and personal ornaments. On the mummy were a gold collar of four rows of rings, four gold bangles, earrings, and a girdle of electrum. This is one of the most complete burials known. Other interesting discoveries at Thebes were the clearing of a new temple site, two fine stone figures, and an untouched burial of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty.

The Pope has appointed Prof. Luigi Canevaghi, in place of the late Ludovico Seitz, director of the new Pinacoteca, and curator of the other paintings of the pontifical palaces. Professor Canevaghi's work at Milan, especially his restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, has been highly praised by competent judges, and his appointment to this responsible position is favorably received.

The fund for establishing an Italian School of Archæology at Athens, started a year ago by a few scholars in Florence, is now considered sufficient to permit opening next autumn. A villa has been rented. It is expected that the field work of the school will be limited for the present to supplementing the Italian excavations of the last two or three seasons in Crete.

The prizes of the Salon des Artistes Français have been announced: The Prix Lefebvre-Glaize (900 frs.) fell to Clovis Cazes; the Prix Rosa Bonheur (1,500 frs.) to Charles Fouqueray. No first medal was awarded in painting. In sculpture the five first medals were taken by Louis Couvers, A. Terroir, G. Verez, Roger-Bloche, and P. Roussel. In architecture the first medal went to Tony Garnier.

François Émile Michel has died at the age of eighty. He began his studies under Migette, an instructor of his native town, Metz, and afterwards worked at Paris, obtaining medals at the Salons of 1868, 1889, and 1900. Two of his pictures are in the Luxembourg. He also wrote much on art topics, including books on Rubens and Rembrandt and "Études sur l'histoire de l'art."

From Munich is reported the death at the age of forty of Ferdinand von Recnicek, best known for his satirical drawings in *Simplicissimus*.

Finance.

THE RISE IN STEEL STOCK.

A speculation for the rise, unusually violent and accompanied by transactions of uncommon magnitude, sprang up on the Stock Exchange two weeks or so ago. On two days of last week, the dealings were 1,400,000 and 1,600,000 shares, respectively, whereas a "million-share market" had been a rarity during many months. The higher of these two totals, that of last Friday, represented the largest daily record reached since November 13 last year—the culminating day of the "after-election bull market," at the time when speculators, great and small, were rushing into the market to participate in the "boom" which they had come to believe must inevitably follow Mr. Taft's election.

They had some serious disappointments before them; prices broke again at the close of the year, industrial unsettlement returned, a war of price-cutting broke out in the steel trade. Then came the upward turn, reaching at least its temporary climax last week. On this occasion it was not, as in last November's outlook, the speculating public which ran riot in the market. Wall Street had no illusions on the subject in the present case; the Stock Exchange commotion was the outcome of aggressive operations by a group of powerful millionaires. But their speculative plans were facilitated by the fact that the share-holding public apparently would not sell, and, within a little more than a week, such advance in prices had been scored as 6 points in Union Pacific stock, 7 in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 6 in Amalgamated Copper and New York Central, 12 in Southern Pacific—most of them running close to, or exceeding, the top prices of 1906.

Early in the movement, however, the speculative lead was taken by the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation. On Thursday of last week, this stock sold at 69⅜. A week before it had closed at 61¼; two weeks before, at 58⅞; a month before, at 56⅛. Until last Friday, it had reached a "new high record price" for its whole history on each successive business day since May 18. Its highest record, prior to that date, was the 58¾ touched on November 13, last year, the culminating day of the "after-election boom." Its highest price in the immensely prosperous steel trade year 1906 was 50¼; its highest in another year of great earnings, 1905, was 43¼; its top notch in the memorable speculation of April, 1901, was 55, and that was high record until last November. In 1901, the stock was paying twice as much in dividends as it pays to-day; in 1906, it reported net earnings 40 per cent. larger than what its statement for the first quarter of 1909 indicated. At present prices and the present dividend rate, the stock yields 2⅞ per cent. to the investor.

This is not all of the checkered history of the stock. After the price had risen to 55 in the famous three-million-share day of the April market of 1901, it dropped to 24 on the equally famous 9th of May. The public again resumed its buying. There followed the extraordinary plan of 1902 to turn $200,000,000 of the preferred stock into mortgage bonds, the litigation and injunctions, the 20-point break in the price of the new bonds "when issued," the abandonment of the conversion plan at the demand of large inside interests, the collapse of the company's earnings, the suspension of common stock dividends, and the fall of "Steel common's" price to 8⅝ in May, 1904. This series of events was such as might quite conceivably have shattered the faith of an outside investing public. Yet we have the longer sequel before us.

How is this season's extraordinary rise to be accounted for? There are four prevalent explanations which have been current on Wall Street, and which may be repeated as Wall Street habitually sets them forth. First, the steel trade is bound forthwith to reach a status of activity and profits never approached in history. Secondly, the stock has been indirectly listed on the Paris Bourse, and the rich French public will pay even higher than present prices, if it can get the shares. Thirdly, the American public and the American speculators have gone crazy over an idea and an illusion, and have lost all sense of values. Or, fourthly, the company's policy of the past five years will be reversed; it will be bonded for such expenditures as have hitherto been paid from earnings, and the surplus will be thrown into dividends, at some high rate, for the common stock.

Such basis as the first argument may have, would apply equally to most other stocks on the Wall Street list; it does

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not, taken by itself, explain the rise in "Steel." Furthermore, the remarkable fact must be taken into account that the products of the company are still selling 25 per cent. below last year's prices, and that the business of the corporation is barely three-fourths of its showing in the active pre-panic period. The "listing" on the Paris Bourse was an unusual achievement; the Steel shares were refused admission in 1901, and no one seems quite to understand what the assent on the present occasion means. It may mean that the French investor is determined to speculate in the stock, or that the Paris banks which handle his savings have resolved to make him do so. The French investor is a good deal of a mystery; yet he is rather noted for desiring a sure thing, with whose conditions and surroundings he is acquainted, and he does not know America. The American public's imaginative impulses can be appealed to with effect; it is not certain just how much of a part its beliefs or credulity may have played.

As to reversal of the policy of fiscal conservatism fixed on the property since its perilous experiences of 1903, that must be left to conjecture, however perplexed or reluctant it may be. Strange events certainly marked the first three years of the Steel Corporation's history, and the era of strange events may not have been ended in Wall Street, especially when some change is suspected to have occurred in the dominant influence in the company's finances, since the panic of 1907 and perhaps as a result of it. The statement of this array of possible factors in the case gives keen edge to interest in the part which the stock of this company, after all its vicissitudes of the past eight years, may yet be made to play as a pawn in the hands of the great speculators.

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